THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE,



BY THE

MARQUIS DE CONDORCET.

To which are added,

MEMOIRS OF VOLTAIRE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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M.DCC.XC.

ſituation. This anecdote is one of thoſe which prove that benevolence was the ruling paſſion of Voltaire's ſoul.

Thus, with ſtill greater diſintereſtedneſs, he prevailed on Mademoiſelle Clairon, in 1765, to renounce the ſtage; although the powers of this ſublime actreſs were in all their vigour, and became daily more neceſſary to the poet, whoſe dramatic genius began to decline by age and intenſe application.

His

His counſels to D'Alembert and Diderot, when they were perſecuted for publiſhing the Encyclopædia, and many circumſtances of the ſame nature, will further prove that the love of juſtice roſe, in his mind, ſuperior to every other conſideration.

A SELECTION OF JUSTIFICATORY PIECES; FOR THE LIFE OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE have here ſubjoined ſeveral Letters, which will better ſerve to diſplay the character of M. de Voltaire, and that of his enemies.

A tribute of admiration paid, by a prince of the blood, to a young man whoſe rank in life placed him at a diſtance from that perſonage, and whoſe fame had not then leſſened the diſtance between them, has appeared to us to merit preſervation.

The

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Note ſent by the celebrated Le Kain cannot fail to intereſt men of letters; in it, that great actor ingenuouſly paints Voltaire's enthuſiaſm for the dramatic art, and for the talent of acting; and, at the ſame time, the zeal with which he endeavoured, notwithſtanding his love of the art, and his deſire to find actors worthy of his pieces, to diſſuade that young man from the purſuit of a profeſſion too much degraded by prejudice, while he added to his advice the means of entering into ſome other ſituation.

A SELECTION OF JUSTIFICATORY PIECES.

VERS*

DE S. A. S. LE PRINCE DE CONTI, A M. DE VOLTAIRE.

1718.

PLUTON† ayant fait choix d'une jeune pucelle,
Et voulant donner à sa belle
Une marque de son amour,
Commanda qu'une fête et superbe et galante
Réparât

† Pluto having chosen a youthful virgin, being desirous to afford the beauty a proof of his love, gave commands that a magnificent and gallant festival should dissipate the horrors of his gloomy abode.

* The intention of Justificatory Pieces is such as to require a more faithful and literal translation than perhaps can be given in verse, which should preserve the true spirit of poetry. For which reason the originals of the few poetical pieces which are here contained, are inserted, and rendered in prose in the notes.

Réparât les horreurs de ſon triſte ſéjour.
Pour ſatisfaire ſon attente,
Il fait aſſembler à ſa cour
Tous ceux dont le bon goût et la délicateſſe
Pouvaient contribuer au ſpectacle pompeux
Qu'il préparait à ſa maîtreſſe.
Parmi tous ces hommes fameux,
Il choiſit ceux dont le génie
S'était ſignalé dans tous lieux
Par la plus noble poëſie.
Chacun à réuſſir travailla de ſon mieux.
Pour remporter le prix et Corneille et Racine
Unirent leur veine divine:
Chaque auteur en vain diſputa,

Et

abode. For this purpoſe, he invited to his court all thoſe whoſe good taſte and delicacy could contribute to the pompous ſpectacle, which he was preparing for his miſtreſs. From among theſe ſo famous men he ſelected all whoſe genius had been any where ſignalised in the ſublime art of poetry. Each did his beſt to ſucceed. Corneille and Racine united their talents divine to bear away the prize; each in vain contended, and wiſhed to gain the ſuffrage of the

God;

Et voulut gagner le ſuffrage
Du Dieu qui demandait l'ouvrage;
Bien que des deux eſprits la pièce l'emportât,
L'on ignorait encor qu'elle eût eu l'avantage.
Enfin le jour venu de cet événement,
De tant d'auteurs la cohorte nombreuſe
Recherchait la gloire flatteuſe
De remporter l'honneur de l'applaudiſſement.
Tandis qu'à faire cette brigue,
Toute la troupe ſe fatigue,
Sans ſe donner du mouvement,
Racine avec Corneille, au ſein de l'Elyſée,
Rappelaient l'hiſtoire paſſée

Du

God, who had iſſued his commands; for though victorious over all competitors no one yet knew which of them might claim precedence. The day at length arrived, when the whole aſſembly of wits hoped to obtain the high renown which public applauſe had to beſtow. While all were thus buſied in contention, Racine and Corneille ſat tranquilly in the Elyſian groves, recalling to mind the hiſtory of times paſt, when they were the living ornaments of

 France.

Du temps où de la France ils étaient l'ornement.
Ils avaient ſu par ceux qui venaient de la Terre,
Du théâtre français le funeſte abandon,
Que depuis leur décès le délicat parterre
Ne pouvait rien trouver de bon.
Ce malheur leur cauſait une triſteſſe extrême.
Ils connaiſſaient que dans Paris l'on aime
D'un ſpectacle nouveau les doux amuſemens;
Qu'abandonnés par Melpomène,
Les auteurs n'avaient plus ces nobles ſentimens
Qui font la grâce de la ſcène.
Depuis leur ſéjour en ces lieux,
Ils

France. From ghoſts newly arrived they had heard of the fatal decay of poetry in France; and that the auditors of Melpomene, difficult to pleaſe, had, ſince their deceaſe, found nothing worthy of the ſtage. Their grief at this intelligence was extreme; they knew how much their countrymen were delighted with the pleaſures the theatre can beſtow; and that, forſaken by the muſe, poets no longer poſſeſſed thoſe noble flights which ſo much grace the ſcene. Since their deſcent to theſe abodes, they

Ils avaient fait la connaiſſance
D'un démon ſans expérience,
Mais dont l'eſprit vif, gracieux,
Surpaſſait déjà les plus vieux
Par ſes talens et ſa ſcience.
Pour réparer les maux du théâtre obſcurci,
Ce démon fut par eux choiſi.
Ils lui fent prendre forme humaine;
Des règles de leur art à fond l'ayant inſtruit,
Sur les bords fameux de la Seine
Sous le nom d'Arouet cet eſprit fut conduit.
Ayant puiſé ſes vers aux eaux de l'Aganipe,
Pour ſon premier projet il fait le choix d'Oedipe:

Et

they had become acquainted with a ſpirit, inexperienced, but whoſe active and graceful wit ſurpaſſed the moſt aged in genius and in ſcience. To repair the wrongs of the ſuffering ſtage, they choſe this ſpirit, prevailed on him to aſſume a human form, and, having inſtructed him perfectly in their art, ſent him to the banks of the Seine, where he took the name of Arouet. Having drunken of the waters of Aganippe, the firſt ſubject he choſe was Oedipus;

 and,

Et quoique dès long-temps ce ſujet fût connu,
Par un ſtyle plus beau cette pièce changée,
Fit croire des Enfers Racine revenu,
Ou que Corneille avait la ſienne corrigée.

and, old though the fable was, its new and youthful beauties were ſo numerous that it was imagined Racine had returned from the ſhades, or that Corneille had corrected the defects of his verſe*.

* Theſe lines do as much honour to the Prince of Conti as the approbation of Oedipus did to la Motte. The prince and la Motte mutually announced a worthy ſucceſſor of Corneille and Racine; aud never was prophecy more fully accompliſhed.

LETTER

FROM THE ABBÉ DESFONTAINES, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

May 31, 1724.

I SHALL never forget, fir, the infinite obligations I owe to you. The goodnefs of your heart is fuperior even to your underftanding; and you are the trueft of friends. The zeal with which you have ferved me does me, indeed, more honour, than the malice and bafenefs of my enemies does me injuftice, by the unworthy treatment which they have brought upon me.

It is neceſſary that I ſhould not publicly appear for ſome time. *Fallax infamia terret.*

I have received a letter *de cachet* which exiles me to the diſtance of thirty leagues from Paris. I depart with pleaſure in ſearch of ſolitude; but I am much mortified that this retreat ſhould be enjoined me. It is ſome degree of triumph for the wretched authors of my diſgrace. I am exceedingly willing to go into the country; but endeavour, ſir, to procure the king's order to be ſuperceded by another letter *de cachet*, in this form:

The

The King, informed of the falſhood of the accuſation brought againſt the Sieur Abbé Desfontaines, conſents that he ſhould remain at Paris.

Should you obtain this order from M. de Maurepas, it would be an eſſential point; and I promiſe M. de Maurepas, on *my honour*, to depart immediately, and not to return to Paris, till I ſhall have demanded ſecret permiſſion of him.

This, my dear friend, is what, at preſent, I have to beg you to obtain for me. You will confer yet another infinite

infinite obligation on me, by this new ſervice. It is, in my mind, the ſimpleſt means that can be taken to repair the ſcandal and injuſtice which I have endured, till I can do better, and can procure the neceſſary information to diſcover the hidden ſprings of the horrible intrigue of my enemies. Notwithſtanding the atrocious nature of the accuſation, and the readineſs of the public to believe the accuſed guilty, I have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing thoſe who are even unknown to me take my part. Such men as Nadal, Danchet, de Pons, and Fréret, are the only perſons, I am told, who treat my name as, through

my life, I ſhall treat their infamous works and their unworthy characters. *Genus irritabile vatum.*

I have formed a plan for my defence, which will be excellent and curious, and I ſhall finiſh it in the country. I am too publicly known to remain ſilent after ſuch an execrable inſult, and I ſhall compoſe my apology in ſuch a manner that I ſhall have the honour of preſenting it to M. de Maurepas, and ſhall beſeech him to permit its publication. In this, will be ſeen all the misfortunes which have befallen me, and theſe misfortunes ever cauſed by men of let-

ters; but it will particularly contain the hiſtory of my quitting the Jeſuiſts.

Adieu, my dear friend; let me beg you to think of me.

DESFONTAINES.

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE SIEUR DEMOULIN TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Paris, August 12. 1738.

SIR,

WE thank you moſt humbly for all your goodneſs, and for the indulgence you have granted to enable us to repay you. We ſhall ever preſerve a faithful remembrance of it, and, on every occaſion, ſhall expreſs our lively gratitude. Your ſecurity is perfectly good; and we beg you to be perſuaded we ſhall diſcharge the debt as ſpeedily as we poſſibly can. I am in advance for ſeveral

ſeveral good ſpeculations, and our zeal to ſerve others has added to our embarraſſment.

You do me juſtice, ſir, in believing me incapable of any ill deſign; I venture even to declare to you that I never have entertained any, and that never had a lover a more tender attachment to his miſtreſs than I to you, notwithſtanding all that has happened. I have inconſiderate moments, it is true; you have often reproved me for them, with reaſon; but I will yield to no one in integrity of mind, purity of intentions, or zealous activity, when

there

there arifes an opportunity of doing good.

I know that I have been greatly calumniated, and I know alfo that thofe who exclaimed moft againft me, quitted you to come to me with a defign of exafperating my mind againft you. Since that time, I have rendered fome confiderable fervices to one of thofe perfons; and fhould occafions prefent themfelves of obliging the others, I fhall willingly embrace them. It is the only vengeance which I profefs to take.

If you think I can be ufeful to you in any way, and indeed in affairs that may

require discretion, honour me with your commands; and I beseech you to be assured of an active and secret service.

My wife begs her most humble respects. I have the honour to be, with profound esteem,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

DEMOULIN.

Acknowledgment of the same.

I, the undersigned, acknowledge that M. de Voltaire, having lent my wife and me the sum of twenty-seven thousands livres, and in consequence of the deranged situation of our affairs, having

having consented to take the sum of three thousand livres secured by an obligatory writing, executed in the presence of the notary Ballot, on the 12th June, 1736, has now forgiven seven hundred and fifty livres which remained to be paid of the three thousand, and has given me an entire and full release for the same. Jan. 19, 1743.

DEMOULIN.

LETTERS

FROM THE BOOKSELLER JORE TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

LETTER I.

Paris, December 20, 1738.

SIR,

I Entreat you, in conſideration of the embarraſſed ſtate of my affairs and the detention of my papers, to pardon my delaying till now to acknowledge the wicked proceedings of thoſe who have availed themſelves of my misfortunes to oblige me to commence an unjuſt ſuit againſt you, and to ſuffer an infamous *factum* (declaration) to be printed. I altogether

gether retract them both. The malice of your enemies has ferved to no other purpofe than to difplay the goodnefs of your character to me; for you have the generofity to pardon the fault I have committed in liftening to bad counfel. I affure you I repented even in the moment in which I was fo unhappy as to act againft you. I, at length, perfectly perceive how I was led into the error. The jealoufy of men of letters is not unknown to you, and, in this, you fee to what excefs it has been carried. They have inflamed my mind, and have made me the means of injuring you; which has fo difpleafed me that I promife you never again to fee thofe who induced

me to forget my duty to you in this inſtance, and I will atone for the extreme injuſtice of it, by the conſtant attachment which I vow to preſerve through life to your intereſts.

I beſeech you, ſir, to reſtore your friendſhip to me, and to believe that my heart never took any part in the malice of your enemies, and that it is my heart alone which leads me to make this declaration.

I have the honour to be, with reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JORE.

LETTER II.

Paris, Dec. 38, 1738.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of writing to you, on the 20th of this month, in the bitterneſs of my heart, to entreat your forgivcneſs, and to aſſure you of the ſincere repentance under which I ſuffer for the unjuſt ſuit which I was induced by your enemy (you know to whom I allude) to commence againſt you. I told you of my remorſe and the horror which I felt at my cruel attack of him who was my benefactor; I informed you that I had diſ-

covered the error into which I had been led; and I begged you, ſir, to believe that my affliction is equal to my fault. Deign, ſir, to extend your generoſity to the granting me the pardon I venture to demand. I retract the unjuſt and calumnious *factum* which was made in my name, and which I had the unhappineſs to ſign. I was blind, and your enemies ſeduced me. Again, I repeat to you that I am in the deepeſt affliction, and my remorſe has brought ſickneſs upon me. There is nothing I would not do, during the remainder of my life, to atone for my fault. In ſhort, ſir, were you a witneſs of the diſtreſs I feel at being deceived by ill counſel, you would pity

my

my condition. Be ſo good, at leaſt, to give orders that I may be informed that you have the clemency to pardon me, if you do not deign to write to me yourſelf. I engage to pay all the expence of the proceſs if I have money ſufficient ; nor is there any thing I ſhould not be willing to do through the remaining days of my life to teſtify to you individually and to the public my repentance, my admiration of your character, and the very profound reſpect with which I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JORE.

LETTER III.

Paris, June 3, 1742.

I Have received, ſir, the three hundred livres that you have after all had the goodneſs to give me. This new manner of avenging yourſelf of an unfortunate man, whoſe greateſt unhappineſs has been to forget what was due to you, and who has ſo long been grieved for his error, ſhall ever be preſent with my heart. Your generous actions to me augment my ſincere repentance; and inſpire me with the tendereſt reſpect and affection for you. Thoſe who

deceived me muſt indeed have been monſters; nor could they know your real character as I do. My life ought to be employed in proving my devotion to you. I cannot find terms to expreſs the feelings you have excited in my heart. Permit me only to preſent myſelf before you, permit me to come and thank you; it is a favour I beſeech you to add to all your other goodneſs.

I am, with reſpect and the moſt lively gratitude,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JORE.

LETTER IV.

Milan, October 20, 1768.

SIR,

THE penſion you have the goodneſs to allow me, and ſome ſcholars whom I aſſiſted in perfecting themſelves in the French language, but who, unfortunately for me, are quitting this city to travel, have enabled me to ſubſiſt at Milan. Great God! in what a ſituation ſhall I be placed, deprived of theſe ſuccours! I have been formerly uſeful to you in being your amanuenſis; can I no lönger be of any ſervice to you?

If

If Milan were a place in which works were publiſhed in French, I could employ myſelf in correcting the preſs, and thus avoid the wretchedneſs which threatens me, and from which you, ſir, can relieve me, by giving me an aſylum in your houſe, where I am perſuaded you muſt have ſome-one who is leſs uſeful to you than I might be.

I hope, ſir, that when you conſider my preſent condition, and how different it is from that in which you have formerly ſeen me, you will be induced to ſoften its ſeverity; and ſo much the more readily as this change in my circumſtances

cumſtances has not ariſen either from my own diſſipation or imprudence.

When M. de Cideville procured me the honour of being known to you, he, as well as myſelf, regarded that honour as the means of augmenting my fortune; how could he foreſee the injuſtice that would be done me, and that my total ruin would be the reſult?

I flatter myſelf that, moved by my unhappy ſituation, you will honour me with an anſwer which will diſſipate the frightful apprehenſions which I have of the future, and which I cannot ſhun

without

without your kind aſſiſtance. With this hope, permit me to ſubſcribe myſelf, reſpectfully,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JORE.

LETTER V.

Milan, April 23, 1769.

SIR,

ON my return from the Iſles of Bormio, where his excellency Count Frederic was ſo good as to keep me three weeks for the benefit of the air, and to reinſtate my health after the ſickneſs I have had, Meſſieurs Origoni and Parraviccini remitted me from Florence, by your order, five and twenty ſequins, for which I have given them a receipt in the name of Meſſieurs Francis and Louis Bontemps of Geneva.

I cannot

I cannot ſufficiently teſtify my gratitude to you, nor could you, ſir, have ſent me this aſſiſtance more opportunely; as I wanted both linen and cloaths. Although your generoſity extended the order to remit me what I ſhould have occaſion for without limiting the ſum, I thought it my duty not to abuſe your kindneſs; and without delay I employed the twenty-five ſequins in the purchaſe of ſome cloaths which fortunately fitted me, and in four ſhirts which I have ordered to be made; and theſe will at leaſt place me in a condition to appear decently in the houſes of ſuch people of rank as have the goodneſs to admit me.

In thefe families I have fpoken of your goodnefs, and I was commended for having requefted no more than this fum, although your liberality had not reftricted me.

With what tranquillity fhall I pafs the remainder of my life, fhould I have the misfortune to furvive you, were you to fettle on me the means of fupporting the diftreffing fituation of my affairs, a fituation which I have fo little merited. I venture, fir, to hope this from your goodnefs. I fhall then have nothing further to defire than an opportunity of expreffing the greatnefs of my gratitude to you. I look for that happy

happy day with impatience ; and beg you to be perſuaded of the reſpectful attachment with which I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JORE.

LETTER VI.

Milan, September 25, 1773.

SIR,

STRONGLY penetrated with gratitude and tranſported with joy, I thank you for your conſoling promiſe of extricating me from my diſtreſs, and for the eight Louis d'ors which you ſent me. They could not have arrived more fortunately to relieve me from the greateſt embarraſſment. Fearing I ſhould offend you, I forbear to ſay all that paſſes in my mind. I flatter myſelf that your ideas of me are changed to my advantage, and I aſſure you that I deſerve they

they ſhould be ſo by the ſentiments of gratitude with which I have the honour, reſpectfully, to be,

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JORE.

LETTER

FROM M. DE SAINT-HYACINTH,

TO M. DE BURIGNY.

Belleville, May 2, 1739.

I RETURN you, fir, the manufcript which you did me the honour to confide to me. You will probably imagine that I have read it with pleafure, and you are not miftaken; but fhould you conclude that I felt myfelf fatisfied when I had finifhed, you will be deceived. Charmed with what I have already feen, I have but the more fenfibly felt the abfence of the remainder; and to the pleafure of perufing the work

work has succeeded considerable anger against the author.

Your indifference, sir, or to speak more frankly, your indolence, must make all those who know of what you are capable as angry as myself. If you are so indifferent to fame as to contemn the reputation which must result from the perfection of this work, the justice the public have done you with respect to what you have already imparted to them calls on you to give them the remainder which they expect with impatience. No one has ascended with more truth, or more penetration to the fountain head, nor has any one treated this sub-

ject with greater delicacy and precision, I shall excite all your friends to importune you till you have made the work complete. At the head of these I shall place the Countess, to whose lips the Graces have imparted the gift of persuasion; after which it will be seen whether we shall leave you indolent, and at your ease, for some time to come.

You did me justice, sir, when you asserted that I had no connection with the author of the *Voltairomanie*, whoever he may be; and I further now declare to you that I have never read the piece entirely through. I merely glanced

glanced over it, becaufe I was inform-ed that the author had cited me relative to M. de Voltaire; a circumftance which I could not hear without indig-nation. I would gladly know by what authority M. de Voltaire's name and mine are brought in queftion, fince neither the one nor the other are to be found in the work of mine which is quoted by them. They go further: would you fuppofe it, fir? They have interpreted what I meant to fay. The deification, of which they fpeak, is merely a work of imagination, a chain of fictions, the links of which are con-nected to form a whole. The defign in this was to point out in general the defects into which the learned fall, in

various ſciences and various nations. The author has, therefore, in this work, been obliged to imagine circumſtances, which, although related as characteriſtically perſonal, ſhould be regarded merely as general ſatire, applicable to all the learned who may be guilty of ſimilar errors. It is not poſſible to write an allegory, or draw a character, which the imagination of the reader cannot apply to ſome one; whom perhaps the author has not even known. Thus, he who, in a work of invention, ſhall have had only a general object, ſhall be made to allude to an individual, by the malignity of falſe interpretation. If this be permitted, we

muſt no longer think of writing; at leaſt till the public, becoming more reſerved, judge of the intention of the author in conformity with the general deſign of his work; and till they forbear to cauſe the malignity of interpretation to recoil upon the writer whom they interpret.

When I ſaw in what manner the writer of the *Voltairomanie* had decided on my intention, I own to you, ſir, that I was extremely ſurpriſed how he, who is ſaid to be the author of it, can be thus totally unmindful of all decorum. My ſurpriſe equalled my indignation and his temerity, not to uſe a harſher term.

term. It is true that from the nature of the work there is nothing which we might not be led to expect.

I am informed that M. de Voltaire so much despised this book as not to answer it. He did perfectly right. Abortion is the destiny of such writings; which can only exist by being the subject of conversation. M, de Voltaire has more valuable employment. Cultivating at present the *Musas severiores*, they have taught him to rise into those tranquil regions to which the vapours of the earth do not extend: *Sapientum templa serena.*

Here,

Here, ſir, are the two madrigals of M. de Bignicourt, which I could not perfectly repeat to you the laſt time I had the honour of ſeeing you in Paris.

Des traits d'une injuſte colère
Vous payes mes feux en ce jour:
Iris, pourquoi voulez-vous faire
La Haine fille de l'Amour ?*

AUTRE.

Iris, vous dédaignez les feux
Qu'en moi vos charmes ont fait naître:
Mon deſtin n'eſt pas d'être heureux,
Mais mon cœur méritait de l'être†.

* With marks of unjuſt anger you now repay my paſſion. Wherefore, Iris, would you make Hatred the child of Love?

ANOTHER.

† Iris, you diſdain the flame which your charms have kindled in my boſom: it is not my fate to be happy, yet my heart deſerves ſo to be.

Pray

Pray inform me, ſir, whether you are acquainted with the manuſcript on Tournaments, purchaſed by M. de Reiux; and, when time and circumſtances ſhall ſuit, do not forget that you have at Belleville a very humble and very obedient ſervant,

SAINT-HYACINTH.

LET-

LETTER

FROM M. D'ARGENSON, THE ELDER, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Paris, Feb. 7, 1739.

THIS Abbé Desfontaines is a vile man, ſir; his ingratitude certainly ſurpaſſes the crimes by which he gave you an opportunity of obliging him. Fear not but that the people in power will be your partizans. I one day happened at the table of the cardinal to affirm that he was the rector of a good living in Normandy by which I offended all preſent. His eminence made me

me repeat three times what I had said, and I should have lost the esteem of the world, and have ruined my fortune, had not the *Prévôt des Marchands* bore witness to the fact. The chancellor thinks as I do relative to this *** of the police; and M. Herault ought to be of the same opinion, or he will render himself accountable to those whom he may condemn. The chancellor thinks well of your works, which he has often mentioned to me during our walks at Fresne. But of all your knights my brother is most angry with your enemy. I went to him after the receipt of your letter, and he told me that, in conformity to the chancellor's orders,

orders, the Abbé Desfontaines would be ſummoned to declare whether the libels in queſtion were written by him; and, if not freely, would be obliged to ſign the affirmative or the negative. Be aſſured the buſineſs will be properly conducted. I will ſhortly ſolicit the chancellor in perſon.

I embrace your cauſe with ardour and ſatisfaction, which is but juſt. I have continually known you the enemy of ſcandal; you are angry with knaves, and laugh at fools. I mean to imitate your example to the beſt of my ability; and yet I think myſelf an honeſt man. This is no more than having an opi-

nion;

nion; to impart ſuch an opinion to our friends is detraction, which religion, good ſenſe, and even inſtinct, forbid. You have always appeared to me far from having any ſuch evil propenſity, and I am confirmed in this ſuppoſition by your acknowledged works, which are worthy of yourſelf. Continue to write without fear for five and twenty years longer; but write poetry, notwithſtanding your oath in the preface to Newton. With whatever clearneſs, beauty, and dignity, you may have underſtood and explained the philoſophic ſyſtem of this Engliſhman, do not therefore deſpiſe poetical epiſtles, poems, and tragedies. We ſhall always

ways obtain ſcientific food, but we ſhall ſoon have a dearth of works of wit, and no longer will go to the theatre from the want of good authors in verſe and proſe.

Adieu, ſir: why do you mention protection and reſpect to an old friend, and one who will ever remain ſuch?

LETTER

FROM THE SIEUR DE BONNEVAL*

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Paris, Feb. 27, 1737.

I Was at your houſe this morning, ſir, with a deſign of having the honour of ſeeing you, and was informed that you were at court. You would, without doubt, have been ſurpriſed at my viſit, but the motive by which it was occaſioned would have ſurpriſed you ſtill more. Nevertheleſs, I aſſumed cour-

* This Bonneval is a knave who formerly robbed me of ten louis d'ors, was diſmiſſed from the houſe of Mantmortel, and wrote a libel againſt me. [*Note of M. de Voltaire written on the original letter.*]

age from the reflections which naturally arise in a mind of the first order, and I said to myself: It is true that, since the year 1725, I have scarce ever had the honour of seeing M. de Voltaire, but he will recollect that he walks in a sphere which does not permit every one to approach him; and he cannot be ignorant of the admiration of him which I have ever avowed, nor can he doubt the avowal without doing injustice to my discernment. No one at present has it more in his power to render him justice than myself, from the opportunity which I had during a year of observing him in those societies in which the mind and the heart may discover

their true feelings without danger; and thence I have formed an opinion of him which perſuades me that it is a pleaſure to him to confer obligations.

Theſe ſentiments, ſir, led me to your houſe to beg the favour of you to lend me ten piſtoles, for which I have an immediate occaſion; and to offer you, for payment, an authority to receive the ſum from the arrears of a rent which was left me by a lady of your acquaintance and who has been dead ſome years paſt. If the dead had any influence I would implore her mediation in my behalf. You would not have reſiſted that while ſhe was living,

and

and perhaps ſhe ſtill lives in your memory; at leaſt ſhe merits the honour by the ſentiments ſhe entertained reſpecting you. I was acquainted with them to the hour of her death; and of that I was a ſorrowful witneſs.

The requeſt which I deſigned to have made perſonally to you I now communicate in writing, and if you ſhould pleaſe to comply with it I will wait on any perſon you may think proper to name on your behalf, and place the authority in his hands. I fear to offend your delicacy ſhould I here employ tricks of eloquence to diſpoſe you to do me this favour. To explain our

neceſſity to a perſon who thinks nobly is to ſay every thing; and I will only add that my gratitude ſhall be equally ardent and durable.

I have the honour to be moſt truly, ſir, your very humble ſervant,

De Bonneval.

Rue St. Anne, at the houſe of M. Dionis.

LETTER

FROM M. PRAULT, JUNIOR, BOOKSELLER AT PARIS,

TO MADAME DE CHAMPBONIN, AT VASSY.

Paris, Jan. 24, 1739.

MADAM,

YOU know that I am indebted, for the obligation of being introduced to M. de Voltaire, to a magiſtrate who is his friend, and who is diſtinguiſhed by his virtue and his merit. I had long wiſhed to bring my buſineſs into repute by the works of a man whom I then knew only by the powers of his mind, and who has ſince ſo ſtrongly attached me to him by the qualities of

his heart. My youth, my good diſpoſition, and my ſincerity, titles to his favour which are ever ſucceſsful, completed what recommendation had commenced. Since that time, his confidence has rendered me the inſtrument of ſo many acts of generoſity, that, as well in juſtice to him as in gratitude to friends whom I particularly regret, I thing it my duty to render an authentic teſtimony of all my tranſactions relative to M. de Voltaire, and to anſwer the unjuſt accuſation of the libel entitled *The Voltairomanie*, which all worthy people behold with indignation.

The following is the hiſtory of M. de Voltaire's works ſince I knew him, and which I am enabled to prove by authentic documents.

I began by printing the Henriade with conſiderable corrections, the profits of which M. de Voltaire preſented to a young man whoſe talents had made him his friend; and to whom he alſo gave his tragedy of the Death of Cæſar. At the ſame time he gave the liberty of reprinting Zaïre to another bookſeller, whoſe copy-right in that work had expired. He gave to me his tragedies of Oedipus, Mariamne, and Brutus, for my own emolument. I alſo publiſhed

published the Prodigal Son; the person who was charged to treat with me for it demanded so reasonable a price, that, far from having any disagreement, I gave him a hundred francs more than the price he had demanded. Some days after M. de Voltaire informed me in a letter that he never required money for his productions*, but books only. In fine, he made a present of his Elements of Newton to his Dutch booksellers. Shortly after an edition was printed which was called the London edition, and I know that the bookseller, who began it unknown to Voltaire, thought, nevertheless, that it was

* That is to say, for himself.

an

an attention due to M. de Voltaire to communicate the deſign to him and to ſubmit it to his corrections before it was publiſhed. The edition being ready to appear, M. de Voltaire bought a hundred and fifty copies to preſent to his friends at Paris, which coſt him, including the binding, nearly a hundred piſtoles.

This, madam, is the account of the profit which M. de Voltaire has drawn from his works; or rather it is the means of confounding his calumniator; and you will perceive what credit ought to be given to the impoſtures of which his work is an entire tiſſue.

I have

I have the honour to be, with the moſt profound reſpect, &c.

PRAULT, Junior.

Declaration of the Abbé Guyot Desfontaines to the Police.

I declare that I am not the author of a libel printed under the title of *The Voltairomanie*; and that I altogether diſavow it, regarding as calumnious all the facts which are imputed to M. de Voltaire in that libel; and that I ſhould think myſelf diſhonoured had I taken the leaſt part in that production, poſſeſſing as I do all the ſentiments of eſteem for M. de Voltaire which are due

to

to his talents, and which the public ſo juſtly expreſs for him. Done at Paris, April 4, 1739.

DESFONTAINES.

N. B. The original is depoſited in the hands of M. Hérault.

LET-

LETTER

FROM M. DE CHAMPBONIN TO HIS SON, AT THE FORTIFICATION OFFICE AT PARIS.

Champbonin May 15. 1739.

YOU muſt no longer write to M. de Voltaire at Cirey, my ſon; he is lately gone to Bruſſels with the Marquis and Marchioneſs du Chatelet. You will eaſily conceive how much we are afflicted at his abſence; never was there a more tender or more reſpectable friend. We feelingly regret the four years which he paſſed in Champaign. Thoſe happy days, during which we lived with him,

him, cannot but recal to your memory the numerous marks of friendſhip he beſtowed on us; which were ſo effectual that, had I the power, I could not do more even for you who are my ſon. How great then ought your gratitude toward him to be? He was under no obligation of affording you ſuch ſingular marks of attachment, and I hope you will never forget the exceſs of his kindneſs. It is not enough that you ſhould partake of the favours he has done us; it is neceſſary that you ſhould even ſurpaſs us in gratitude. Love him like your father; every feeling of affection is due from you to him; and will

will give me ſtill greater ſatisfaction than the ſame affection felt for me.

The regret of your mother equals mine; you know our friendſhip for him, and we both lament the loſs of thoſe proofs of congenial tenderneſs, which he was ſo ready to return.

The Count and Counteſs de la Neuville, concerning whom you make enquiry, like us infinitely regret the loſs of M. de Voltaire. He departed beloved by the whole country, and we all bewail his abſence. The Marquis and Marchioneſs du Chatelet give us to hope that they will return to Cirey as

ſoon

that *one fool is enough to dishonour a nation.*

No one will scruple to confess, that under such circumstances, Paris was no resting-place for a Philosopher, and that Aristotle was very prudent in retiring to Chalcis when Fanaticism reigned at Athens. Besides, the condition of a man of letters, at Paris, is but one step above a Mountebank.

The place of Gentleman in ordinary to his Majesty, which the King had given me, was no great thing. Men are very silly; for my part, I think it much better to build a fine mansion, as I

P did,

did, have a theatre, and keep a good table, than to be hunted at Paris like Helvetius, by people holding the court of parliament, or by other people holding the ſtables of the Sorbonne. As I was certain I could neither make men more reaſonable, the parliament leſs pedantic, nor the Theologians leſs ridiculous, I continued to be happy far from their follies.

And yet, while I contemplate the ſtorm, I am almoſt aſhamed of my own tranquillity. I behold Germany dyed in blood; France utterly ruined; our fleets and armies beaten; our miniſters diſmiſſed, one after another, without any

prospect of better success; and the King of Portugal assassinated, not by a Lackey, but the Nobility of the kingdom. Neither can the Jesuits this time say, *it was not us*: they have carefully preserved their rights; it has been sufficiently proved these good Fathers had given the sanctified knife to the Parricides. They give for reason their sovereignty of Paraguay, and say they have treated with the King of Portugal as between crown and crown.

I shall now relate a trifling, but as singular an adventure as ever happened since Kings and Poets first were seen on earth. Frederic, having passed some

time guarding the frontiers of Silesia in an impenetrable camp, began to be tired of inactivity; and, therefore, to pass time away, composed an Ode, and signed it Frederic; this he put at the head of an enormous bundle of verse and prose, which he sent to me. I opened the package, and found I had not been the first who had performed that operation; it was evident the seals had been broken, and I was terrified at reading the following verses:

Oh trifling nation, light and vain!
Are these the warriors whom Turenne
And Luxembourg with laurels bound,
Whom Fame's immortal honours crown'd;

Who,

Who, as we're told in ancient ſtory,
Danger and death deſpis'd for glory?
Lo the vile rout! behold each ſlave
Fearful in fight, in pillage brave!
Behold their feeble monarch move,
The tool of Pompadour and Love!
To Love opprobrious, as to Fame,
Unworthy he the Monarch's name:
At random ſee he flings the reins,
Deteſting Empire's anxious pains;
His land and people in diſtreſs,
He revels on in lewd exceſs;
Himſelf a ſlave, when pride inflates,
Would dictate laws to Kings and States.

I trembled as I read the poem, ſome lines of which are excellent, or may paſs for ſuch. I had unfortunately acquired, and deſerved, the reputation of having

been the continual corrector of the King of Pruſſia's poetry. The packet had been opened, the verſes read, might perhaps be publiſhed, the King of France would attribute them to me, and I ſhould become not only guilty of high treaſon againſt the King, but, which was ſtill worſe, againſt Madame de Pompadour.

In this perplexity, I deſired the French Reſident at Geneva to come to my houſe, and ſhewed him the packet. He agreed it had been opened before it arrived, and thought there was no other way of acting in a caſe where the ſafety of my head was concerned, but ſending it as it was to the Duke de Choiſeul, Miniſter of State.

State. In any ſituation but this I ſhould not have followed his advice; but it was neceſſary to prevent my own ruin, and I acquainted the court with the true character of its enemy. I knew the Duke de Choiſeul would not betray me, but content himſelf with perſuading his Majeſty that Frederic was an enemy, whom, if they could, they ought to cruſh.

The Duke did not ſtop here; he was a man of wit, wrote verſes, and had friends who wrote alſo: He paid the King of Pruſſia in his own coin, and ſent me a ſatire againſt Frederic, as biting and unmerciful as his own. The follow-

ing lines, are extracts from this Poem * ;

No longer he the man, by whom
The arts, from black oblivion's tomb,
Were call'd, and o'er Germaina spread:
A husband, brother, son of guilt,
His Sire, in justice, would have spilt
The blood which so much blood has shed,

Yet he, audacious, durst aspire
To touch Apollo's sacred lyre;
The rhyming King of Poet-tasters:
His Mars and Phœbus are the same,
Alike in war and verse his fame,
Zoilus and Mævius are his masters.

* I have been assured by M. the P. F. of S. this Ode was written by S. Palinot de Montenoy.

Behold,

Behold, in ſpite of all his guards,
Where Nero meets the due rewards
Of all his hideous provocations;
The Tyrant ſee of Syracuſe
Now proſtitute a barren muſe,
Deſpis'd while he inſults the nations.

And wherefore, ſavage Cenſor, ſay,
Would'ſt thou impede their harmleſs play,
When Love, with Nature, ſmiling comes?
Shalt thou pretend to judge their rites,
Who ne'er could'ſt taſte but thoſe delights
Imparted by thy noiſy drums?

The Duke de Choiſeul aſſured me when he ſent this anſwer, that he would print the ſatire if the King of Pruſſia publiſhed his; and added, they would beat him as heartily with the pen, as they hoped

hoped to do with the ſword. Had I been inclined ſo to amuſe myſelf, it depended only on me to ſet the King of France and the King of Pruſſia to war in rhime, which would have been a farce of novelty upon earth. But I enjoyed another pleaſure; that of being more prudent than Frederic. I wrote him word his ode was beautiful, but that he ought not to publiſh it; he had glory enough without that, and ſhould not ſhut every door of reconciliation with the King of France, aggravate him beyond bearing, and force him to ſome deſperate effort to obtain a juſt revenge. I added, my niece had burnt his ode, in mortal fear of its being imputed to me. He believed

me,

me, and returned me thanks; but not without a few reproaches, for having burnt the beſt verſes he had ever written. The Duke de Choiſeul kept his word, and was diſcreet.

To make the pleaſantry compleat, I thought it poſſible to lay the foundation of the peace of Europe on theſe poetical pieces, which might have continued the war to the deſtruction of Frederic. My correſpondence with the Duke de Choiſeul gave birth to that idea; and it appeared ſo ridiculous, ſo worthy the tranſactions of the times, that I indulged it, and had myſelf the ſatisfaction of proving on what weak and inviſible pivots the

deſtinies

destinies of nations turn. The Duke wrote me several ostensible letters, conceived in such terms, as the King of Prussia might venture to make overtures of peace without danger of Austria taking umbrage at France; and Frederic returned answers in a similar way, with little risk of displeasing the English court. This ticklish treaty is still in agitation, and resembles the sports of cats, which give a pat with one paw and a scratch with the other. The King of Prussia, driven out of Dresden, and beaten by the Russians, is in want of peace; and France, beaten at sea by the English, and on shore by the Hanoverians, with an ill-timed loss of men and money,

money, is obliged to finiſh this ruinous war.

And this, beautiful Emily, is the point at which, for the preſent, we ſtop.

December 27, 1759.

I continue to write, and on ſingular events. The King of Pruſſia ended a letter to me on the 17th of November thus: *I ſhall write more fully from Dreſden, where I ſhall be in three days*; and the third day he was beaten by Marſhal Daun, with the loſs of ten thouſand men. It ſeems to me, every thing I behold is the fable of the girl and her milk. Our great ſea-politician, Berrier, formerly

formerly Lieutenant de Police at Paris, and who, from that poſt, became Secretary of State and Miniſter of the Marine, without ever having ſeen a veſſel larger than the ferry-boat of St. Cloude, or the barge of Auxerre; this Berrier, I ſay, took a fancy to fit out a fine fleet, and make a deſcent on England; but ſcarcely had the fleet peeped out of Breſt, before it was beaten by the Engliſh, wrecked upon the rocks, deſtroyed by the winds, or ſwallowed up by the ſeas.

We have ſeen one Silhouette, made Comptroller-General of the Finances, of whom no man knew any thing except that he had tranſlated ſome of Pope's poetry

poetry into profe. He was faid to be an eagle, but in lefs than a month the eagle was metamorphofed to an owl. He found the fecret of annihilating public credit to that degree, that the State all at once wanted money to pay the troops. The King was obliged to fend his plate to the Mint, and a great part of the kingdom followed his example.

January 1ft, 1760.

Frederic muft be perfidious; he has fent my confidential letters to London, and has endeavoured to few diffenfion betwixt us and our allies. All kind of perfidies, permitted to a Grand King of Pruffia, has he acted; even to the making

ing of verſes, for thoſe he muſt ever make. I ſent them to Verſailles, doubting they would be accepted. He will cede nothing; and propoſes, in order to indemnify the Elector of Saxony, that they ſhall give him Erford, which belongs to the Elector of Mentz. He always muſt rob ſomebody; it is his way. We ſhall ſee the reſult of all this, and of the campaign they are going to make.

As this great and horrid tragedy has ever had a mixture of the comic, ſo they have lately printed at Paris, *Des Poeſies ouf da King mine Maſter*, as Freïtag ſays; in which there is an epiſtle to Marſhal Keith, where he ridicules chriſtianity,

Of the various queſtions, difficult to reſolve, which the two parts of this memorial contain, it appears that M. de Voltaire is well acquainted with what relates to experimental philoſophy; and that he has himſelf well conſidered ſuch ſubjects.

Paris, April 26, 1741.

PITOT, CLAIRAUT.

I certify that the above copy is conformable to the original.

Paris, April 27, 1741.

Dortous de Mairan, perpetual ſecretary of the royal academy of ſciences.

LETTER

FROM THE ADVOCATE MANNORY*,

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

May 10, 1744.

IT is, sir, a long while ſince you heard from me; and it is very mortifying that I am compelled to call your attention to me by a hiſtory of my misfortunes. Yet I too well know the ſentiments of your heart to yield to my fears. My father is ſtill living; he is eighty years old; and is extremely feeble. At his

* He received alms at my hands, and wrote a libel againſt me. *Note of M. de Voltaire.*

death

death I ſhall poſſeſs more than a hundred thouſand francs; but I have not received a crown. My profeſſion abounds with difficulties; and, to purſue it, aſſiſtance is required, on which I have relied, and which has failed me. I have been afflicted with long and ſevere ſickneſs, and though at length I regained my health, my practice had declined. I afterwards formed an acquaintance with a rich devotee; and, having incurred much expence in dreſs to enable me to appear ſuitably at her table, ſhe barbarouſly forbade me the houſe. At laſt, ſir, the poor M. de Fimarçon applied to me for aſſiſtance and counſel, and as I thought his af-

fairs promifing I dedicated my whole time and labour to the profecution of his fuit. My illnefs had deprived me of half my bufinefs, and I loft the remainder by giving my whole time to M. de Fimarçon.

I flattered myfelf that I fhould acquire honour by extricating him from that affair, and that his gratitude would fufficiently indemnify me. Every thing has been unfuccefsful, fir. Mean while I was three months in fearch of a houfe; on the twenty-third of December I hired one, and fince that time the workmen have been employed in preparing it for my reception; fo that fix

months have paſſed in which I have been without a houſe, without chambers, and conſequently without employment.

Judge, ſir, of my ſituation. I could not procure a crown from my father. He who has been inflexible during his whole life, does not become feeling at the age of eighty. M. Dodun, the old receiver-general, of whom I have hired my houſe in the Iſle*, has made me wait, but he has expended four thouſand francs to make the houſe commodious for me, which will be to my advantage. I have ſome furniture

* A part of Paris.

which, were they on the ſpot, would ſerve my purpoſe. I have not therefore, ſir, any preſent occaſion for more money than will enable me to remove my furniture to the place which of courſe is an object of importance, to pay ſome trifling debts which I have contracted in the courſe of ſix months, and to leave me a ſmall ſum with which I may open my chambers, and ſubſiſt till I ſhall fall into practice, which I cannot fail to do.

I have frequently heard, ſir, that the unfortunate are permitted to boaſt a little. Claiming this privilege, to which my ſituation has given me too

clear

clear a title, I may declare that I do not fear any advocate who is at present at the bar. If I find aſſiſtance I ſhall ſoon recover my loſſes, and my chambers will have their uſe; in the courſe of a year my practice will probably be conſiderable; and my father muſt, in the end, leave me the property which he cannot carry away with him. But, ſhould I not procure any aid, my my houſe will become uſeleſs; I ſhall be no longer able to appear at the courts; and I ſhall be inevitably ruined; for I have no talents for any other employment. I will give you all the ſecurity in my power; my wife and I

will engage jointly and ſeparately for the debt; or I will even give bills of exchange for it, provided ſufficient time is granted me for the payment.

Will you abandon me, ſir, and forget your long friendſhip for me? I am one of your oldeſt partiſans; and the defender of Oedipus ought not to periſh for want in the midſt of the faireſt hopes; nor does he aſk for more than a little aſſiſtance. Your will have the honour of patroniſing an advocate; and, if he becomes celebrated, the work will not be unworthy of you!

Though

Though you have hitherto done fo much and in various ways, this may perhaps be wanting to your fame. My whole reliance is on you, fir; for the times are frightful, fince nobody is interefted in behalf of talents. You alone know all who poffefs them; and you are their protector; and, fhould you think that I am among the number you will not furely forfake me. My fortune then depends on the judgment which you fhall entertain of my capacity, and I expect your decifion with confidence. I lodge with M. Dubois, at the *Palais Royal, Rue de la Comédie Françaife.* Before you enable me to

remove

remove to my houſe, I ſhall look for the honour of your anſwer. I am, with the profoundeſt reſpect,

Sir,

Your moſt humble, &c.

MANNORY.

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE SAME.

Thurſday Morning.

YOU gave me permiſſion ſir, again to remind you of my ſituation after your return from the country. I appear reſpectable enough in my counſellor's gown; but I am in total want of clothes; nor can I pay any viſits, which deranges all my affairs. Be ſo good as to inform me, ſir, if you have thought of M. Thiriot. I have had but four ſous to ſubſiſt on for ſix days, and you have promiſed me ſome ſmall aſſiſtance; do

not

not withhold it at prefent, fir. Were I properly dreffed I fhould be in a condition to purfue my practice, and my fituation would change. I have the promife of many caufes, but they are not yet ready for trial. We approach the vacations, and the time is therefore unfavourable. Will you fir, mean while, fuffer me to die of hunger? I did not eat yefterday; and the day before bread was my only food; but it was a feaft. I cannot decently go out in my gown, and my drefs is in too bad a ftate to be feen. I dare not therefore vifit any one; nor have I money to procure any thing at home. My fituation is terrifying! For God's fake, fir, give the bearer of this

this letter what you may think proper for my present relief; he is a person on whom you may rely. Pray inform me what M. Thiriot does. Will you permit an old servant to perish; a man who I venture to say possesses talents, and who is actually in sight of the harbour? His vessel is somewhat impaired; but he needs only assistance to enter the port. I am with the most lively gratitude,

Sir,

Your humble &c,

MANNORY.

LET-

LETTER

FROM J. J. ROUSSEAU

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Paris, Dec. 11, 1745.

SIR,

I HAVE endeavoured during fifteen years to render myſelf worthy of your eſteem and your zeal for the intereſt of youthful poets in whom you diſcover talents. But having compoſed the muſic of an opera, I find myſelf, I know not how, metamorphoſed into a muſician. In this quality the Duke de Richelieu committed to my care the alteration of the *Divertiſſements* which you

you have introduced into the Princeſs of Navarre, and he even required me to make ſuch changes in the original plan as were neceſſary to adapt it to your new ſubject. I made reſpectful remonſtrances, the duke inſiſted, and I obeyed; it is the only thing which can be done by a man in my ſituation. M. Ballot is charged to communicate the alterations to you; which I have endeavoured to execute in the feweſt words poſſible, and that is the only merit I can give them. Do me the favour, ſir, to examine them, or rather to ſubſtitute others more worthy of the place which they were deſigned to occupy.

I alſo

I alſo hope, ſir, that you will pleaſe to give your opinion of the recitative before it is performed, and point out to me the places in which I have departed from good taſte, that is to ſay from your conception. Whatever may be my ſucceſs in theſe trifling eſſays, they will ever make me proud ſhould they procure me the opportunity of being known to you, and of expreſſing the admiration and profound reſpect with which I have the honour to be,

Sir, your very humble, &c.

J. J. Rousseau, *Citizen of Geneva.*

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE SAME.

Paris, Jan. 30, 1750.

SIR,

ONE Rouſſeau* formerly declared himſelf your enemy leaſt he ſhould be compelled to acknowledge himſelf your inferior. Another Rouſſeau, without the genius of the former, thought proper to imitate his malicious conduct. I am diſtinguiſhed by the ſame name as thoſe, but poſſeſs neither the talents of

* *Jean Baptiſte.* We do not know the other Rouſſeau; it was not the Rouſſeau of Thouloufe, author of the *Journal Encyclopédique,* nor the Rouſſeau of Gotha.

 the

the one nor the presumption of the other, and am still less capable of their injustice to you. I am very willing to live unknown, but not dishonoured; and such I should deem myself had I failed in the respect which all men of letters owe to you, and which all those entertain who merit respect themselves.

I will not dwell on this subject, nor violate, even when you are the object, the law I have resolved to observe never to address the praises of any one to himself. But, sir, I will take the liberty to say that you formed an unworthy judgment of an honest man when

you believed him capable of returning ingratitude and arrogance for your kindneſs and politeneſs to him in the affair of the *Fêtes de Ramire**. I have not forgotten the letter with which you honoured me on that occaſion, and which convinced me that, notwithſtanding baſe calumnies, your are the true patron of riſing talents which need protection. You deigned to promiſe your friendſhip to the firſt efforts of my mind; they were unſucceſsful, and that was what I ought to have expected. A ſolitary being who knew not how to ſpeak, a timid, diſconcert-

* La Princeſſe de Navarre, which was afterwards called, Les Fêtes de Ramire.

ed man did not dare to present himself to you: and what would have been my title? But it was confidence and not zeal that I wanted; fearing to intrude on your observation, I expected from time a favourable occasion to testify to you my respect and gratitude.

From that day I renounced letters and the delusive hope of acquiring fame; despairing to obtain that object by the aid of genius I have disdained to owe it, like ordinary men, to indirect means. But I never shall renounce my admiration of your works. You have painted friendship and every virtue as a man who understands and loves them.

I have heard envy murmur but have rejected its clamours, and have said without fear of deceiving myself: "These writings which elevate the mind and excite fortitude are not the productions of a man indifferent to virtue."

Nor did you form juster notions of a republican, since I was known to you as such. I adore liberty, and equally detest despotism and servitude, and would not impose either on any man. Such principles ill sympathize with insolence; which is oftener the sentiment of slaves, or of men still more vile than those, little authors who are jealous of great talents.

I declare to you then, ſir, that not only Rouſſeau of Geneva never held the diſcourſe you have attributed to him, but alſo that he is incapable of ſuch language. I do not flatter myſelf that I ſhall deſerve the honour of being known to you; but if ever I enjoy that happineſs it will be, I hope, only by means worthy of your eſteem.

I have the honour to be with profound reſpect,

Sir,

Your very humble, &c.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, *Citizen of Geneva.*

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE MARQUIS D'ADHEMAR TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Paris, Nov. 25, 1750.

I WAS, ſir, at the time informed of the ingratitude and inſolence of the inſignificant d'Arnaud toward you, and I expreſſed my indignation at his conduct. I even deſired M. d'Argental to refer back to the letter of Fréron, and to take a copy of it. This letter was in the hands of every one, and was circulated in ſo diſadvantageous a manner that I wiſhed to ſee the

preface, which was complained of, and which was accufed of being mutilated. It appeared to me as fimple as I could wifh, and I found nothing to blame in it but the name of the author and his ftyle. In fhort, fir, I do not doubt that the king, whom you ferve, will do you fpeedy juftice. He is fortunate who has occafion to defend the truth before a monarch, who himfelf patronizes and diffeminates truth.

Yet, notwithftanding this affurance, fir, I muft again exhort you to affume greater fortitude. A fplendid fame, and perfect tranquillity are rarely found friends and companions.

But

But to return to this worthlefs man. I am this inftant informed that he has juft written a new letter to Fréron, in which he declares that the matter is entirely accomodated. In the name of God, fir, while you patronife true talents, beware of thofe drones. They preferve no remembrance of what they owe you, except it be to injure their benefactor. This fubject recals to my mind that a perfon * told me one day, that, being placed at the theatre near the Abbé Desfontaines and d'Arnaud, he heard the firft reproach the other with entertaining fome attachment to you. But, fir, anfwered

* M. Dutartre.

d'Arnaud, you do not confider that he ferves me and that I owe him my gratitude. Oh, replied the abbé, we may receive obligations from him when we have occafion; but we muft calumniate him.

You fee that the man has not forgotten this leffon, nor has been flow to put it in practife.

Adieu, fir; difdain this vile race; and endeavour to arm yourfelf with philofophy refpecting events. Truth is ever finally triumphant, and envy finks under the weight of great reputations.

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE SIEUR GUYOT DE MERVILLE*, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Lyons, April 15, 1755.

I Imagine, ſir, you muſt be informed that I have been ſettled at Geneva theſe two years. In the kind of neceſſity to which I was reduced by the unjuſt conduct of the French comedians of Paris of quitting that place, there was no retreat which better ſuited my natural

* The anſwer of M. de Voltaire will be found in the fourth volume of the General Correſpondence, erroneouſly dated 1754, together with an extract from this letter.

inclination for repoſe and liberty; and I am ſo much the more ſatisfied with my choice as other reaſons have led you to the ſame aſylum. But it is not enough that our inclinations happen to be mutual, our ſentiments alſo ſhould be in uniſon. How painful would it be to each of us if, inhabiting the ſame place and viſiting the ſame families, we can neither ſee nor converſe with each other without reſtraint and perhaps bitterneſs. I know that I have offended you, but it was not by indulging any of thoſe paſſions which are at once a diſgrace to literature, and human nature.

My

My attachment to Rouſſeau, and my complaiſance to the Abbé Desfontaines were the ſole cauſes of the offence I have given you. Their death has avenged you of them; and the little good I did by my ſacrifices to them does not permit me to lament their death.

A thouſand men in my ſituation would tell you, ſir, that they eſteem you more than your moſt zealous partiſans, becauſe their eſteem was more conſiſtent and leſs blind. The proof, on my ſide, is inconteſtible. D'Auberval, the comedian at Lyons, whoſe talents you have admired, and whoſe character

character you would adore did you know him as I do, can aſſure you that I charged him with the verſes, which I now ſend you, three days before your ſudden and unforeſeen departure. I availed myſelf of your taking this city in your route; and through which I was alſo paſſing. Theſe verſes are yet more ſeaſonable than ever, as I ſhall be at Geneva on the 22d of this month, and as we ſhall both be ſettled there. I have nothing to add but the following offers.

I have written a criticiſm on your works in four volumes, which are yet in manuſcript; thoſe I will ſend to

you.

you. Prefixed to my firſt comedy is a letter with which you were offended, as I have been formely told, by Rouſſet; I will ſuppreſs that letter in the edition of my works which I am preparing. The Abbé Desfontaines publiſhed two poems which he excited me to write againſt you; I will ſuppreſs thoſe alſo: and at this price will I merit your friendſhip.

I will do more; my fugitive pieces in two volumes are dedicated to a gentleman of the country of Vaud, who is anxious to be known to you, and whoſe acquaintance would give you pleaſure; to convince the public of the ſincerity of my regard for you I am

ready, with your permiffion, to dedicate my Theatre in four volumes to you. I do not think you can require any thing further.

But fpeaking of editions, it is time, fir, that you refolve, as well as myfelf, to publifh an edition of your works, avowed by yourfelf, and executed under your own infpection. The public expect this with impatience, and they will not believe any thing to be yours which you do not yourfelf give them. At Geneva, you are in a place which will permit you to execute this defign; and I will undertake, if you think proper, a part of the work, in the

fame

same manner as thirty year ſince at the Hague you confided to my care the correction of the proofs for the Henriade.

I ſend a copy of this letter, and the verſes which are encloſed, to M. de Montpéroux, who honours me with his eſteem and friendſhip. I flatter myſelf that he will be very happy to give the whole plan his protection. But is it neceſſary that the reſident ſhould join his recommendation to the ſtep which I take? Do you not know ſir that it is greater to acknowledge our faults than never to have committed any, and more glorious to pardon than to avenge ourſelves?

ſelves? Merville addreſſes himſelf to Voltaire! You ſee that I finiſh poetically; but it is not as a poet, it is as a friend, an admirer, and a man who thinks, that I aſſure you of the particular eſteem and perfect attachment with which I am,

Sir, &c.

GUYOT DE MERVILLE.

LET-

LETTER

FROM J. J. ROUSSEAU*,

TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

September 10, 1755.

IN every refpect, fir, it is my duty to exprefs my gratitude to you; and, while I offered the rude outlines of my forrowful reveries, I thought not of making a prefent worthy of you, but of acquitting myfelf of an obligation by rendering the homage which we all owe to you as our chief. Senfible,

* See the letter of M. de Voltaire, to M. Rouffeau, dated Auguft 30, 1755, in the fourth volume of the General Correfpondence.

 befide,

beſide, of the honour which you do my country, I participate in the gratitude of my fellow citizens, and hope that it will augment in proportion to the profit they may derive from your precepts. Embelliſh the aſylum you have choſen, enlighten a people worthy of your leſſons, and do you, who ſo well know how to diſplay liberty and virtue, teach us to cultivate them in our actions as we adore them in your writings. All who approach you ought to learn from you the road to glory and immortality.

"You perceive, ſir, I do not aſpire to the reputation of once more leading men

into the woods; not but that I regret my part of the lofs of a ftate of nature. With refpect to yourfelf, fir, to make you a favage would be a miracle fo great that it can be wrought only by God, and fo pernicious that it can be willed only by the devil. Do not therefore attempt to walk on all-fours; to do which no man on earth is lefs qualified. You teach men too effectually to ftand firmly not to remain erect yourfelf. I own the difgrace which attends on celebrated men of letters is great indeed, nor do I deny that the evils are numerous which are attached to human nature, and which appear to be independent of our vain knowledge. Men

have opened ſo many ſources of miſery to themſelves that their happineſs is but little increaſed when they chance to eſcape a ſingle misfortune. There are ſecret connections, however, in the progreſs of things which are unperceived by the vulgar, but which do not eſcape the thoughtful eye of the philoſopher.

It was neither Terence, Cicero, Virgil, Seneca, nor Tacitus, who cauſed the crimes of the Romans and the misfortunes of Rome. But without the ſlow and ſecret poiſon which inſenſibly corrupted the moſt vigorous government of which hiſtory has preſerved the remembrance, Cicero, Lucretius, Sal-

luſt, and ſuch men had never exiſted or they had never written. The amiable age of Lælius and Terence inſenſibly introduced the brilliant period of Horace and Auguſtus; and, in fine, the horrid epoch of Seneca and Nero, that of Tacitus and Domitian. A taſte for the arts and ſciences has its birth in a ſecret vice which it ſoon augments in its turn; and if it be true that all human acquirements are pernicious to the ſpecies, thoſe of the mind and of knowledge, which increaſe our pride and multiply our wanderings, will ſooneſt accelerate men's misfortunes. Yet, there neceſſarily comes a time in which thoſe acquirements are requiſite to ſtay

the progreſs of evil: it is the ſteel which muſt remain in the wound, leaſt, in removing it, the wounded ſhould expire.

As to myſelf, had I purſued my firſt vocation and neither read nor written, I ſhould have been unqueſtionably more happy; yet if letters could now be entirely effaced, I ſhould be depriv-ed of the only pleaſure which is left me. It is in letters that I find a conſolation for all my misfortunes; it is among their illuſtrious children that I taſte the delights of friendſhip, and learn to en-joy life and deſpiſe death. To them I owe the little merit I have, and to them

am

am I alſo indebted for the honour of being known to you. But let us conſult intereſt in our concerns, and truth in our writings. Although there need philoſophers, hiſtorians, and truly learned men to enlighten the world and conduct its blind inhabitants, yet, if the wiſe Memnon has not miſinformed me, I know nothing more ridiculous than a nation of ſages. Confeſs, ſir, if it be right that great minds ſhould inſtruct men, the vulgar ought to receive their precepts. If each takes upon himſelf to give inſtruction, where will thoſe be who are to receive it? The lame, ſays Montaigne, are ill calculated for bodily exerciſe, or decrepid ſouls

ſouls for the exerciſes of the mind. Nevertheleſs, in this learned age, we ſee none but the lame willing to teach others to walk.

Ordinary men receive the writings of the learned to criticiſe them, and not to inſtruct themſelves. Never has the world ſwarmed with ſuch dwarfs in intellect; they crowd the theatre, the coffee houſes reſound with their ſentences, the bookſellers ſtalls are covered with their writings, and I hear the *Orphan* criticiſed, becauſe it is applauded, by a ſchool boy ſo little capable of perceiving its defects that ſcarcely can he feel any of its beauties.

Let

Let us look for the firſt ſource of all the diſorders in ſociety, and we ſhall find that the miſeries of mankind proceed from error rather than ignorance; and that what we do not know is much leſs prejudicial to us than that which we think we underſtand. Now what ſurer means to run from error to error than the rage of knowing every thing? Had not men pretended to know that the earth does not turn on its axis, they had not puniſhed Galileo, for having affirmed that it did turn. If none but philoſophers had claimed the title of philoſopher, the Encyclopédie had experienced no perſecution. If a hundred deſpicable beings had not aſ-

pired

pired to fame, you would have been left to the peaceful enjoyment of yours, or at leaſt you would have had to contend with none but adverſaries worthy of you. Be not ſurpriſed then ſhould you feel ſome thorns which are inſeparable from the flowers that adorn ſuperior talents. The calumnies of your enemies are the followers of your triumph; as formerly ſatyric acclamations were thoſe of the Roman generals. It is the public eagerneſs for your writings which produces the thefts of which you complain; but the aſſimilating them with others is not eaſy, for neither iron nor lead unites with gold.

Permit

Permit me, in consideration of the intereſt which I take in your repoſe and our inſtruction, to adviſe you to diſdain vain clamours, by which it is leſs the deſign to make you do ill than to divert you from producing good. The more you ſhall be criticiſed, the more muſt you be admired; and a work of genius is a terrifying anſwer to weak reproaches. Who will dare to attribute books to you, which you have not written, while you continue to produce inimitable works?

I am proud of your invitation, and if this winter leaves me ſo circumſtanced that I can viſit my native country in ſpring

ſpring I will avail myſelf of your goodneſs. But I would rather drink the water of your fountain, than the milk of your cows; and with reſpect to the herbs of your orchard, I much fear to find nothing there but the *lotos* which is only paſture for beaſts, or the *moli* which prevents men from becoming brutes. I am ſincerely and reſpectfully, &c.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, *Citizen of Geneva.*

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE ABBÉ AUBERT, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

(Accompanied by a Copy of his book of Fables.)

Paris, January 10, 1758.

O toi* dont les ſublimes chants
Imitent les ſons fiers des clairons, des trompettes,
Daigne écouter mes chanſonnettes,
Daigne favoriſer mes timides accens.
Des cœurs ambitieux admirable interprète,
Ta muſe fait parler les princes, les héros;
La

* Oh thou whoſe ſong, ſublime, rivals the ſhrill clarion and the trumpet proud, deign to liſten to the timid accents of my adventurous muſe, and liſtening, not to condemn. Renowned interpreter of ambitious hearts, thou ſpeakeſt with the tongues of princes and of heroes. I bid the finch and the linnet

La mienne fait jaſer le ſerin, la fauvette ;
Par l'organe de l'âne, elle enſeigne les ſots.
Si quelquefois, dans d'heureuſes images,
J'ai peint avec ſuccès le vice ou la vertu,
Voltaire, c'eſt à toi que l'hommage en eſt dû :
J'ai relu cent fois tes ouvrages.

I have ever thought, ſir, that the firſt duty of a man who wiſhed to acquire fame in any ſpecies of poetry, would be to form his taſte on your writings, and the ſecond to offer his eſſays to your inſpection. I acquit myſelf of this laſt, with much reliance on your indulgence and advice. Hitherto

thoſe

net prattle, and from the mouth of the aſs give leſſons to folly. And ſhould I by chance, in happy allegory, paint vice and virtue as they are, to thee Voltaire the praiſe is due ; for times unnumbered have I read thy works.

those whom I have consulted have given me such various counsels, that I know not which to pursue. I am reproached by one for having too closely imitated la Fontaine; and by another, for not having sufficiently imitated him. This friend complains that the morals of my fables are too long; this, that they are too short; and a third would compel me to suppress them all, alledging, notwithstanding the example of all the fabulists, that the object of a fable should be so inforced by the fable itself as to pass for that species of commentary which is called the moral. I have critics who wish that my fables were all as simple as that of *La Cigale et La*

 Fourmi;

*Fourmi**; as if a writer of fables was condemned to be read by none but children.

This variety of opinions refpecting my production has often led me to apply to myfelf the fable of the miller, his fon, and the afs:

Parbleu, dit le meunier, est bien fou du cerveau,
Qui prétend contenter tout le monde est son père†.

You fee, fir, how neceffary it is I fhould be determined by a found judgment and from which my critics cannot appeal, and I fhall act according to your advice, if I can deferve that

* The grafshopper and ant.

† I fee, faid the miller, he muft be mad who pretends to pleafe every body.

the

the author of the Henriade ſhould ſacrifice ſome moments to the reading a few fables, and that he ſhould deign to communicate his opinion to me. I expect this favour, ſir, from your zeal to encourage riſing talents, and I ſhould at all times be proud to take leſſons from the fineſt genius of France. I am, &c.

EPITRE DU MEME*.

MA muse † n'eſt pas aſſez vaine
Pour eſpérer, par ſe eſſais,
Egaler les brillians ſuccès
De l'ingénieux la Fontaine.
Elle connâit tout le danger
Du goût décidé qui l'entraîne;
Mais tu daignas l'encourager :
Et ſi ſon vol eſt téméraire,
Dès qu'elle t'a déjà ſu plaire,
Que riſque-t-elle à s'y livrer ?

Depuis

† My muſe does not vainly hope, in her attempts, to equal the high renown of la Fontaine. She knew the danger into which ſhe was led by the love of dulcet rhime; but thou deigneſt to encourage; and, though her flight be daring, if thee ſhe can but pleaſe, what has ſhe to fear? Since the

* In anſwer to M. de Voltaire's letter of March 22, 1758, addreſſed to the author of the fables. 5th Vol. of the general Correſpondence.

Depuis qu'au pays de la feinte
Un vif penchant me fait errer,
Sans ceſſe une importune crainte
Devant moi venait ſe montrer.
Aujourd'hui la douce eſpérance
Y guide, y ranime mes pas ;
Je cède au ſéduiſant appas
D'une trop flatteuſe indulgence.
Eh, comment ne s'enivrer pas
D'un encens que ta main diſpenſe ?

Je n'ai pas les charmans pinceaux
De l'ami de la Sablière ;
Mais

time when the delight of poetry firſt hurried me into the land of fable, my dread has been continual: but now ſweet hope guides and animates my ſteps, and I cede to the ſeductive charms of indulgence which flatters me but too much. Who would not be inebriated by incenſe, which thy hand diſpenſes!

I want the charming touches of the friend of la Sablière; but of man and his miſtakes I may draw

 pleaſant

Mais sur l'homme et sur ses défauts,
Je puis dans de rians tableaux,
Répandre à mon tour la lumière,
Et du sceptre jusqu'au rabot,
Prouver à l'homme qu'il est un sot.
Tous les animaux, dans mes fables,
Lions, fourmis, aigles, moineaux,
Peuvent, par quelques traits nouveaux,
Trahir l'orgueil de mes semblables.
Ta voix a chanté des héros ;
Mais qu'il soit d'Athène ou de Rome,
De Pétersbourg ou de Paris,
Tes philosophiques écrits
Font voir que tout héros est homme.

Ecoutons

pleasant pictures, and in the palace or in the cottage delineate his follies. I may teach every animal, whether lion, ant, eagle, or sparrow, by new traits to discover the pride of human reason. Heroes thou hast sung ; but whether of Athens or of Rome, Petersburgh or Paris, thy philosophic dictates shew heroes themselves are no more than men.

The

Ecoutons ce rustre hébété
Que fait raisonner la Fontaine:
Il voudrait, plein de vanité,
Que celui qui créa le chêne
Dans ses œuvres l'eût consulté.
L'homme est plus ou moins entêté
De quelque orgueilleuse faiblesse.
L'apologue fut inventé
Pour corriger avec adresse
Des grands l'insolente fierté,
Des flatteurs l'indigne bassesse,
Des petits l'indocilité.
Heureux si, plein d'un zèle extrême
Sur les ridicules d'autrui,

Un

The idcot clown of la Fontaine, swelled with vanity, wished that he who created the oak had but consulted him, in his work. Man is ever more or less inflated by some weak vanity; and fable was invented artfully to correct the insolent haughtiness of the great, the base flattery of parasites, and the rude obstinacy of the vulgar. Happy the author who, all attentive to the absurdities of others, can

correct

Un auteur corrigeait lui-même
Les défauts qu'on remarque en lui.
Mais quoi que l'on en puiſſe dire,
Fier d'un ſi glorieux accueil,
On verra cro'tre mon orgueil
Si mes fables te font ſourire.

correct the defects diſcovered in himſelf. But reaſoning were vain; for, ſhould my fables but excite a ſmile from thee, I ſtill ſhall feel increaſe of pride.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

By the Ambaſſador M. de Chauvelin, on a Letter written by M. de Voltaire to the King of Pruſſia, made by Order of the Miniſtry, in 1759.*

THE letter is good, and the reaſoning and the manner are excellent. I have only two obſervations to make.

1ſt. I know not whether I would ſo poſitively preſent to him the idea of reſtitution. I imagine this muſt ever be

* The original of Voltaire's letter was never found. That of the King, in anſwer, is inſerted in the 2d Vol. of the Correſpondence, and is dated September 22, 1759.

be a bitter draught, and I know not whether it will not injure his fame as much as his intereſt. Perhaps it will be neceſſary to ſoften this paſſage.

2d. I think it would be expedient further to explain to him the baſis of a ſyſtem of pacification which ſhould originate in his own ideas, ſuch as they are found in his laſt letter; conſequently to me it appears that I ſhould addreſs him thus:

You will not make peace but in conjunction with the Engliſh, and you are right, for your honour is pledged; but why will you not make peace for the

the English and for yourself at the same time? Have you not sufficient claims to their esteem, or ascendency enough over them, to induce them to sacrifice some of their advantages to the honour of securing your own possessions? Would not the French, in compensation for such a benefit, be impelled and authorised to prevail on their allies to make concessions equivalent to those which the English shall have made in your favour? Will you not then become the author and the mover of these reciprocal concessions which shall reduce the whole to an equilibrium that will be desirable and beneficial to all

parties?

parties? In a word, ſhould you induce the Engliſh not to engroſs the dominion of the ſeas, the proprietorſhip of all the colonies, and of trade in general, can you doubt but that the French would engage your enemies to renounce theſe claims which to you are moſt noxious.

Such a paragraph modelled by the genius of M. de Voltaire, embelliſhed by the powerful charms of his ſtyle, and combined with the knowledge he has of managing the king of Pruſſia and of the objects moſt proper to excite his attention, would, in my opinion, fully

fully difplay the grand outlines of a plan which it would be very fortunate fhould this monarch feize on, adopt, and bring to maturity.

LETTER

FROM THE COUNT DE TRESSAN, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Commerci, July 29, 1759.

HIS Polifh majefty, fir, has commanded me to fupply his lofs of fight by anfwering the charming letter he has juft received from you, and by affuring you of his friendfhip for your perfon, and of his high efteem for your works.

His majefty again confirms the atteftation which he commanded me to fend you relative to the exact truth of

all the facts contained in your hiſtory of Charles XII. From you, ſir, he is highly gratified to learn that the king his ſon-in-law, by renewing the ancient privileges of your manor lands, has afforded you a diſtinguiſhed mark of his good will and eſteem.

I cannot but be ſenſible, ſir, how great your loſs is in not reading characters traced by the hand which you would kiſs with ſo much pleaſure; a ſingle word from this adored prince, who is continually performing every thing which you moſt love to praiſe in great kings, would to you be a thouſand times more eſtimable than all which

which the moſt faithful of your ſervants and friends can utter.

TRESSAN.

P. S. By king Staniſlaus, ſcarcely legible.

I anſwer from the heart, being in want of eyes; and aſſure you that I continually preſerve ſentiments of perfect eſteem and friendſhip for you.

P. S. By Count de Treſſan.

Your heart will eaſily divine what my dear and amiable maſter has written.——*I anſwer from the heart being in want*

want of eyes, &c. Pity an active mind: (and how feldom are the minds of kings fo!) pity one who is deprived of the pleafure of revifing his works, and who no longer can read, write, play on mufical inftruments, or fee your old acquaintance*, at whofe houfe his majefty has written this fhort poftfcript.

* *Ancienne Ami.* Some lady.



LETTERS

FROM THE SIEUR CLEMENT, OF DIJON, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

LETTER I.

Dijon, December 6, 1759.

SIR,

DID I not know you to be fufficiently wife to look with contempt on the baubles of grandeur fo as not to be fufceptible of them, I fhould feel no furprife that you had difdained to anfwer the letter I ventured to write to you, in which my heart defcribed all its fenfations. I was convinced when my hand was the faithful interpreter of my fen-

timents

timents that the dignity of yours would not ſuffer you to remain inſenſible to the afflictions of an unfortunate man, and that you knew how to dry up the tears which grief had cauſed to flow. I was perſuaded that your bounty would not be implored in vain, that your arms would readily open to afford innocence an aſſylum, and that your heart was ſuperior even to your underſtanding; ſuch were, ſuch ſtill are, my thoughts; and theſe emboldened me to explain my melancholy ſituation in my firſt letter. Imagine, ſir, whether I am not afflicted by your ſilence at preſent. Alas, perhaps you have ſuppoſed I ſhould repay your friendſhip and favours

with the blackeſt ingratitude, and that I ſhould be cowardly and criminal enough not to be grateful. Act, ſir, as you pleaſe with reſpect to my other requeſts, but let me entreat you not to do me the injuſtice of thus ſuſpecting my probity. This is the only wealth I now poſſeſs, it is a precious jewel which I wiſh to preſerve from the general contagion. Your ſuſpicions dim its luſtre, but your generoſity and greatneſs of mind may preſerve and render it more reſplendent. Affection, zeal, and reſpect, are all the wealth I have, and now are and ever will remain yours. Were you even to refuſe me what I have requeſted with ſo much ardour,

but

but which it may be improper for you to grant, I ſhould ever remain convinced your refuſal was dictated by virtue, and that you were guided by reaſons unknown to me; and I then ſhould only be anxious of being informed what they were. In fine, ſir, whatever your kind intentions may be, let me deſire you would inform a youth of them whom ſuſpenſe keeps in a ſtate the moſt painful, and whoſe love would ſtill be the ſame though you were to remain ignorant of its reality.

Perhaps, ſir, you have not received my firſt letter; if ſo, and you ſhould deſire to ſee it, you will be pleaſed to inform me.

LETTER II.

Dijon, May 17, 1762.

SIR,

PERMIT one of thofe who are moft enamoured with the Belles Lettres without the power of ftudying them, and with thefe men of genius who ftudy them with fuccefs, to take the prefent opportunity of renewing that homage which is more flattering to himfelf than to you. The fentiments which I have ingenuoufly avowed appear to have affected you, and for thefe I am fufficiently repaid fhould your feelings have been in union with mine.

The

The kindneſs which you have ſhewn toward me, induces me to aſk a favour. During theſe ſhort intervals which employment more gloomy have allowed me to dedicate to my love of poetry, I have formed the raſh deſign of writing a tragedy, the ſubject of which is perhaps the moſt ſingular and intereſting of any to be found in modern ſtory. It is the death of Charles I. and the uſurpation of Cromwell. The difficulties attending ſuch a fable were great, nor have I by the labour of a year been able to ſurmount them. I have written nothing more hitherto than the plan of my piece; after having changed it ſeveral times, and moſt mercileſsly burnt

one entire act, and more, which did not equal the high idea I had formed of my subject. I am not, however, discouraged, but have begun again; yet my ardour has slackened, because I have been informed that you have for some time been yourself at work on the same subject, and that soon or late you intend to present your piece to the public.

You may well imagine, sir, that my rashness is not quite great enough to contend with an antagonist like yourself. It belongs only to a few to enter the lists with and to vanquish their masters. I should quickly abandon my

my plan, were I certain that you had formed the ſame; and eſpecially as this perhaps will be the only work I ſhall ever write during a life of obſcurity; and baniſhed as I am to a town in which there are men of wit, but who make no uſe of that quality, and who hate or deſpiſe thoſe who do. My days will be ſhortened by labour, which is the only wealth and the only pleaſure of which fortune could not deprive me; and Cromwell only, to whom I ſhould dedicate the remains of life, would preſerve the memory of a youth who grew too early old becauſe he began to think too ſoon.

Yes,

Yes, ſir, at the age of ſeven, I endeavoured to cultivate poetry, and you may eaſily imagine how much aſſiduous ſtudy injures the health of a child. Excuſe me for having ſo long detained you on ſubjects of ſo little moment. Only let me entreat you to inform me whether I ought to continue my project, and whether you have not anticipated my deſign. Deign to afford me leſſons, of which I am too much in want, and of which I am ſo deſirous, that you will ſcarcely refuſe them. By your aid, I may diſcover impediments which I have not foreſeen, or beauties which I could never have invented. You will encourage me in executing a difficult

difficult taſk, and will teach me to avoid rocks and quick-ſands, among which I ſhould otherwiſe be wrecked, but which your genius will enable me to eſcape. Do not, I conjure you, deny the requeſt of a youth who ſeeks for inſtruction, who reſpects his maſters, who loves your perſon becauſe he loves your works in which your ſoul ſhines forth, and who is indebted to you for every thing, becauſe from you he has learned to think.

I am, ſir, with all the eſteem of heart, &c.

CLEMENT.

LET-

LETTER III.

Paris, December 5, 1768.

I HAVE broken my bonds, ſir, and have ſhaken off claſſic duſt. Here am I at Paris, in freedom and almoſt happineſs, and in the centre of the arts where I ſo long have deſired to live and cultivate literature. But, ah, ſir, how ſtrangely have literature and good taſte gone to decay! How little does all I ſee aſſimilate with the ideas I had formed from reading our beſt authors! I am fallen as it were from the clouds. I underſtand no man, and no man underſtands

derſtands me. They tell me of comedies which make the audience weep, and I ſee tragedies which oblige me to laugh. I am deſired to write in the ſame taſte, and I do not know what taſte they mean. It is neceſſary, however, that I ſhould ſubmit; and I begin to perceive the thing is not ſo very difficult.

I really, ſir, do not know what will hereafter be thought of the preſent age; but I am convinced that it is intolerably like the age of Seneca and Silius Italicus. You, ſir, are the man who beheld the meridian of the Belles Lettres, and for the decline of which

you

you long have confoled us; but you have the affliction of not leaving any hope behind you of fimilar confolation.

Pardon this complaint fir, from a gloomy partifan of old tafte, and an admirer of your works. I cannot prevail on myfelf ever to think that beautiful which never can be fo, unlefs it be proved that Molière, Racine, Boileau, and yourfelf are wretched writers.

But I come to the main purport of my letter, which is to thank you for having procured me the acquaintance of M. de la Harpe. I cannot fufficiently praife his politenefs, the goodnefs of the

the advice he has given me, and particularly the veneration which he expresses for you. He swears by your name as Philoctetes swore by Hercules; and I have no doubt but that he will himself nobly fill the part of Philoctetes. He will certainly be well able to oppose the torrent, and combat the monsters of literature. But the evil is too deeply rooted; his example will come to late; and he will only be able to save himself from the general shipwreck.

. . . . . .

I did not find the minds of men much prejudiced in favour of my *Médée non-Magicienne* (Medea no Enchantress.)

chantrefs.) They took it ill that I fhould rob the ftage of a fplendid fpectacle which produced fo fine an effect in the opinion of merchant's clerks, and of the vulgar. They further add that the magic invocations of *Longepierre* have their charms; and that his verfification will again become pleafant to our ears. In vain did I affirm with you that an enchantrefs cannot affect the paffions which are totally deftroyed by magic, and would be thought ridiculous in any other character except Medea, and that it is difgufting and monftrous for her to kill her children without any caufe, fince fhe might have carried them off in her carr. I added

a thousand other things of the same nature, but to no effect; and I find the people of this philosophic age are more addicted to sorcery than they suppose.

In fine, sir, I have put my piece into the hands of M. le Kain, and am waiting for his opinion previous to the reading of it to the actors collectively. I do not augur much success, but I will console myself by writing better.

As my revenues are not sufficiently great to enable me to subsist entirely as a poet, I am in search of some proper employment either as a secretary or a teacher in some good family. If, sir,

you ſhould be able to aſſiſt my project by the means of your acquaintance, I ſhould add this to the many favours you have already done me, and my gratitude would end only with my life.

I have the honour ſir, to be, with the moſt ſincere admiration and attachment,

CLEMENT.

LET-

LETTER

FROM THE EX-JESUIT PAULIAN, TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Avignon, December 4, 1765.

SIR,

IT is exceedingly flattering to me that the greatest genius of the age should think proper to cast a glance over my works. I am sorry that the third edition of the dictionary, after which you enquire, is not yet finished. When it shall appear, with an additional volume, I will do myself the honour of presenting it to you; and hope it will be less defective than that which I now send.

 In

In the mean time, let me entreat you to accept a copy of my *Traité de paix entre Descartes et Newton* *. Should it merit your approbation, I shall from this be certain that it will merit immortality.

I have the honour to be, with respect, &c.

PAULIAN, Professor of experimental Philosophy, in the Jesuits College, at Avignon.

* Treaty of Peace between Des Cartes and Newton.

LET-

LETTER

FROM M. THIRIOT TO M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Paris, Friday, Jan. 13, 1769.

Nec ſi plura velim, tu dare deneges.

YOU, my old friend, my honour, and my ſupport, are the only man in the world to whom I can write with my preſent freedom.

Frontis ad urbanæ deſcendo præmia.

For theſe two years I have habitually paid the tribute which age owes to nature. An aſthma was my prevailing and familiar malady; however, a ſevere regimen, and a plant which I do

not know, but of which I have fortunately procured a good ſtock, though I have no occaſion to uſe it at preſent, cauſed every ſymptom to diſappear toward autumn. My health therefore is as good as I could wiſh, but my trifling fortune and my affairs are in the utmoſt confuſion. I have for three years paid 600 livres annually, in conſequence of the engagements into which I entered at the marriage of my daughter.

The following is the ſtate of my income: 1200 livres from the king of Pruſſia, of which only a thouſand are clear profit, 200 being ſet apart to pay

for

for the journals and papers from which I make my extracts, and for copying thoſe and other works which I find it neceſſary to add. Theſe 1000 livres from the king of Pruſſia, with an annuity of 2600 livres, which is ſecured on the *Hotel de Ville*, and 400 livres per annum, paid me by the Count de Lauraguais, gave me hopes of extricating myſelf from my difficulties, and of even continuing to pay the 600 livres according to my engagement. But a new perpetual charge has accrued by the neceſſity of my taking a ſecond wife to aid me in my infirmities.

You did me the favour to inform me, in the beginning of 1766, when I

begged you to remember me in the diſtribution of your benefactions that I had deferred my application too long, and that as a puniſhment I muſt wait longer; that I ought to have reminded you of my granary in the time of the harveſt, and that every body had gleaned except myſelf, ſeeing I did not preſent myſelf among the reſt. You promiſed to repair the ill conſequence of my negligence, and you added in the moſt obliging and gratifying manner that you had the ſame regard for me as formerly.

This recalls to my mind with what zeal you undertook and endeavoured,

toward

toward the latter end of the regency, to procure half of your penſion to be ſettled on me; and in what manner, thro' your ſolicitations, the Duke de Melun intereſted himſelf in the ſucceſs of that deſign under the adminiſtration of the regent. But the ſorrowful events which followed in rapid ſucceſſion rendered ineffectual this uncommon inſtance of friendſhip and benevolence, and which was particularly noticed in the Holland Gazette. Hence, I have ever found myſelf encouraged to ſay to you, when there ſhould be occaſion, as Horace ſaid to Mecænas while he enumerated his benefactions: *Nec ſi plura velim, tu dare deneges.*

And

And hence, alſo I was induced lately to ſay, at the table of the *Lieutenant Civil* *, that I knew of no one but M. de Voltaire of whom I could aſk a favour, or from whom I could receive one with pleaſure.

I do not ſend you any literary intelligence, for I am too much engaged with little domeſtic vexations.

* An officer of the *Prevôt des Marchands*, of Paris.

MEMORANDUMS

Respecting M. de Voltaire, and particular Facts relative to that great Man; collected by me to serve as an Appendix to his History, written by the Abbé du Vernet.*

L'amitié d'un grand-homme est un bienfait des Dieux†.
Oedipe, *Acte I. Scéne I.*

MAY I not be permitted to boast of a title which, while it created my fortune, constituted my happiness? I hope so, and that the facts I am about to state will justify the motto I have chosen, although otherwise it might appear too assuming.

* Le Kain. † The friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods.

The

The peace of 1748, having reſtored every ſpecies of diverſion to the city of Paris, became the memorable epoch of a new inſtitution of ſome ſocieties formed of tradeſmen who met together for the pleaſure of playing dramatic pieces.

The firſt was eſtabliſhed at the Hotel de Soyecourt in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré; the ſecond, at the Hotel de Clermont-Tonnerre in the Marſhes; and the third, at the Hotel de Jabac in the Rue Saint-Méri; of which laſt theatre I was the founder.

Among the young people who at that time played with ſome reputation, and

part

part of whom have ſince ſettled in the country, I am the only one who remained at Paris; and this circumſtance, which I owed rather to my good fortune than any ſuperiority of talents, happened in the following way:

The room in which we performed in the Hotel de Jabac being in ſuch condition that the repairing of it could be no longer delayed, we were under the neceſſity of requeſting permiſſion of the comedians of the Hotel de Clermont-Tonnerre to play on their theatre, alternately with them. An agreement was accordingly entered into by both parties, in the month of July, 1749, by

by which we were bound to pay half the expences; and we opened with Sidney and George-Dandin.

It will be readily ſuppoſed that the emulation of the two companies would excite diſputes in the public, the reſult of which could not be favourable to one without diminiſhing the reputation which the other till then had enjoyed. The audience were divided in their opinion of theſe gentlemen and of thoſe, of the young ladies of this theatre and and the young ladies of that. The firſt were more pleaſing, but the other diſplayed more knowledge of the theatre, and more grace and art, &c. Thus

were the public amufed and combatted fome for the company *de Tonnerre*, and others for the company *de Jabac*. But who could have imagined that a fociety of young people who united pleafure and decorum could provoke the jealoufy and complaints of the high-priefts of Melpomene? Yet, their influence interrupted our performances, and a Janfenift prieft re-eftablifhed them. The Abbé de Chauvelin, *Conféiller-Clerc* of the parliament of Paris, condefcended to employ his power in behalf of pupils againft their mafters, and we played the *Mauvais-riche*, a new comedy in five acts and in verfe, written by M. d' Arnaud, to the moft

brilliant

brilliant aſſembly then in Paris; but it was received with little applauſe. This was in the month of February, 1750.

M. de Voltaire was invited by the author to ſee the repreſentation; and, whether induced by his compaſſion for M. d'Arnaud or his complaiſance to the actors who to the utmoſt exerted themſelves to give ſome value to that feeble unintereſting work, this great man appeared well pleaſed, and particularly enquired who it was that played the part of the lover. He was informed that the performer was the ſon of a goldſmith of Paris who played for his amuſement, but who really wiſhed to make it his ſerious employment. He expreſſed

expreſſed to M. d'Arnaud a deſire of knowing me; and deſired him to engage me to pay him a viſit on the following day.

The pleaſure this invitation gave me was even greater than my ſurpriſe; but it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the ſenſations of my mind when I beheld this man whoſe eyes burned with imagination and genius. As I ſpake to him I felt myſelf penetrated with enthuſiaſm, admiration, and fear; but while I experienced theſe ſenſations, M. de Voltaire had the goodneſs to put an end to my embarraſſment by taking me in his arms and thanking God for

having created a being who could excite his feelings by the repetition of ſuch moderate verſes.

He afterwards made ſeveral enquiries relative to my ſituation, and that of my father, the manner in which I had been educated, and the ideas I entertained of my future fortune. Having ſatisfied him on theſe ſubjects, and having partaken of a dozen cups of coffee mixed with chocolate, the only nouriſhment which M. de Voltaire took from five in the morning till three in the afternoon, I informed him with great earneſtneſs that I knew no other happineſs on earth than that of playing dramatic pieces; that

that a melancholy loſs had left me maſter of my actions, and that enjoying a ſmall patrimony of nearly ſeven hundred and fifty livres income, I had reaſon to hope that ſhould I abandon my father's occupation, I ſhould loſe nothing by the change, provided I could one day be admitted into the king's company of comedians.

"Ah my friend," cried M. de Voltaire, "never take that reſolution; continue to perform for your pleaſure, but think not of making this your profeſſion. It is one of the greateſt and moſt difficult talents, but it is degraded by unfeeling people and proſcribed by

 hypocrites.

hypocrites. France ſhall one day eſteem your art, but it will then no longer poſſeſs Baron, le Couvreur, or Dangeville. If you will renounce your deſign I will lend you ten thouſand francs to employ in commerce, and you ſhall return the ſum as it ſhall be convenient to you. Come to me again at the end of the week; reflect well on the ſubject, and acquaint me with your poſitive determination."

Diſconcerted, and moved almoſt to the ſhedding of tears, with the generous offer of this exalted being whom men have called avaricious, inflexible, and unfeeling, I wiſhed to give way to

my

my ſentiments in expreſſions of gratitude, and four times began a ſpeech without being once able to finiſh it. At length I reſolved to take my leave, which I attempted with a ſtammering voice; but as I retired he called me back and deſired me to recite ſome morſels of any part which I had been accuſtomed to play. Without conſidering the ſubject I fooliſhly enough propoſed to ſpeak the celebrated couplet in the ſecond act of Guſtavus. "No, not Piron," ſaid M. de Voltaire, with a peircing and terrifying voice, "I wiſh not to hear bad verſes. Repeat me any part you know from Racine."

Fortunately I recollected that while I was at the College de Mazarin I had learned the whole tragedy of Athalie by having heard that play repeated numerous times by the scholars who performed it. I began therefore at the first scene and played *Abner* and *Joad* alternately. But I had not finished my task when M. de Voltaire suddenly cried with enthusiasm, " Ah, my God what poetry, and how astonishing that this tragedy should be written throughout with the same purity and passion !" He then dismissed me; and said, while he embraced me, " I foresee that you will possess a most pathetic voice; and that you

you will become the delight of Paris; but think no more of a public theatre."

This is an exact account of my firſt viſit to M. de Voltaire. The ſecond was more concluſive, as he conſented, after the moſt earneſt ſolicitations on my ſide, to receive me into his houſe, and to allow me a yearly income; he built, over his own apartment, a ſmall theatre in which he had the goodneſs to ſee me and the whole company to which I belonged play with his neices. He could not reflect without the ſtrongeſt diſpleaſure that till then we had been permitted to expend much money to

afford amufement to our friends and to the public.

The expence which M. de Voltaire incurred by this temporary eftablifhment, and his former difinterefted offer to me, convinced me in the ftrongeft manner that he was as noble and generous in his actions as his enemies were unjuft while they afcribed to him the vice of fordid economy. Thefe were facts of which I was myfelf a witnefs; but truth obliges me further to confefs that M. de Voltaire did not only aid me with his advice for more than fix months, but alfo that he defrayed my expences during the whole of that time, and

and that ſince my being eſtabliſhed in the theatre I have proofs of receiving from him more than two thouſand crowns. At preſent he calls me *His great actor, His Garrick, His dear child!* Theſe are titles which I owe ſolely to his partiality for me; but the title which my heart adopts is that of a reſpectful and grateful pupil.

And indeed I ought to be grateful ſince it was to M. de Voltaire alone that I owed the firſt notions of my art; and ſince it was ſolely through his intereſt that the Duke d'Aumont thought proper to grant the order for my firſt appearance at the theatre in the month of

of September, 1750; the result of which was that, aided by a perseverance, proof against every obstacle, I, at the end of seventeen months, surmounted all opposition from the city and the court, and was entered on the list of the king's comedians in the month of February, 1752.

Whoever reads these details will observe that I am far from resembling those ungrateful hearts who blush to acknowledge a benefaction; and who, to complete their baseness, meanly calumniate their benefactors. I have known more than one of that kind connected with M. de Voltaire. I have been witness

neſs of the depredations which have been made on him by people of every rank. Some he has pitied, ſilently deſpiſed others, but never avenged himſelf of any. The bookſellers, whom he has prodigiouſly enriched by the various editions of his works, have ever publicly aſperſed his character; but there is not one of them who has dared to attack him in a court of juſtice, conſcious as they were of their guilt.

The friendſhip of M. de Voltaire is ever unſhaken. His manner is impetuous, his heart good, and his ſoul compaſſionate; he is modeſt in an extreme degree, notwithſtanding the praiſes

which

which have been laviſhed on him by kings, by men of letters, and by a people aſſembled to hear and admire him; profound and juſt in his opinion of the works of other writers, abounding with affability and politeneſs in his commerce with men, and inflexible toward thoſe who have offended him. In theſe features his character will be ſeen drawn with truth.

He could never be reproached with having been the firſt to attack his adverſaries; but, after hoſtilities were commenced, he has appeared as a lion ruſhing from his retreat, and at ſuch times

times ſome of his enemies have fallen before him, and others have taken flight.

I have heard him frequently ſay, that his being unable to poſſeſs the friendſhip of Crébillon gave him great affliction; that he had ever eſteemed his abilities, but could never pardon his having refuſed his approbation to Mahomet.

I will ſay nothing of the ſublimity of his various talents; in whatever way he exerciſed them, he diſplayed erudition, wit, taſte, and philoſophy; and

Europe

Europe will pronounce his eulogium. His works, diſtributed over the earth, are ſufficient to form the materials of his praiſe; and happy is he who can appreciate them, and ſpeak worthily of this celebrated and extraordinary man.

The facility with which he wrote is univerſally known; but few have been witneſs to ſuch inſtances as the following, which I myſelf ſaw.

His amanuenſis had loſt or deſtroyed the fifth act of the tragedy of Zulima. M. de Voltaire produced another in a very ſhort time, and which abounded

with

with new ideas, that circumſtances had ſuggeſted.

He altered the character of Cicero, in the fourth act of Rome Preſerved, when we performed that tragedy in the month of Auguſt, 1750, at the theatre of the Ducheſs du Maine, at the Chateau de Sceaux. I think it is not poſſible that any one could be more true, more pathetic, or more enthuſiaſtic than M. de Voltaire in this part. It was, indeed, Cicero himſelf, pouring forth his eloquence from the tribunal, againſt the deſtroyer of his country, of its laws, its manners, and its religion. I cannot forget

forget that the Duchefs du Maine, after having expreffed her admiration of this new part, afked M. de Voltaire who was the performer of Lentulus; Sura, and that M. de Voltaire anfwered, "Madam, he is the beft of us all." It was myfelf whom he treated with fuch diftinguifhed goodnefs, nor was it very flattering to the knights, counts, and marquiffes, whofe companion I then was.

I will not conclude this article without naming fome other anecdotes which were within my own knowledge, and which may perhaps ferve to give ftill more

more correct ideas of the character of M. de Voltaire.

It is well known that, on the death of the celebrated Baron, and on the retreat of Bauberg from the ſtage, both the comic and the tragic parts of theſe great actors were given to Sarraſin, who at that time did not approach near the excellence of his maſters, a circumſtance which drew a ſevere ſarcaſm from Voltaire, who had committed to him the part of Brutus in the tragedy of the ſame name. The piece was rehearſed at the theatre, and the feebleneſs of Sarraſin in his invocation to Mars, his want of vigour, grandeur, and dig-

nity throughout the firſt act, excited Voltaire's indignation to ſuch a degree that he cried out, "Sir, do you recollect that you are Brutus, the moſt auguſt of all the Roman Conſuls, and that you muſt not addreſs the god Mars as you would ſay, *Ah good Virgin, let me gain a prize of a hundred francs in the lottery!*"

The reſult of this new mode of inſtruction was that Sarraſin diſplayed no more ſtrength or animation, for he did not poſſeſs thoſe qualities, and was only a good actor when the ſcene required pathos. He knew not the art of painting the paſſions with energy,

nor

nor was the ſoul of Mithridates, nor the dignity of Auguſtus ever perceived in him.

The celebrity which Mademoiſelle Dumeſnil had acquired in the part of Merope, and which ſhe has uniformly maintained during twenty years is well known. Yet even this reputation was no protection from the railleries of M. de Voltaire. When ſhe rehearſed Merope for the firſt time he obſerved that this famous actreſs did not inveigh againſt Polifonte in the fourth act with ſufficient vehemence and paſſion. "I muſt be poſſeſſed by the devil," ſaid Madame Dumeſnil,

" to aſſume the tone you deſire." " Yes, Madam," anſwered Voltaire, we muſt be poſſeſſed by the devil to excel in any art!" I believe that M. de Voltaire then ſpoke a great truth.

He was one day aſked his opinion reſpecting the propriety with which ſome preferred Mademoiſelle Dumeſnil to Mademoiſelle Clairon, and the juſtneſs of that enthuſiaſm which this laſt excited in the public to the great mortification of the actreſs who had ſerved her as a model. The partiſans of the old taſte pretended that to ſeize on the ſoul and to excite its feelings, it was neceſſary to poſſeſs, like Mademoiſelle

Dumeſnil

Dumesnil, the magic wand of Corneille, and that Mademoiselle Clairon had it not. "She has it in the throat," cried Voltaire; and the question was accurately decided.

A very young and beautiful girl, daughter of a *Procureur** belonging to the parliament, played with me the part of Palmire in Mahomet, on M. de Voltaire's theatre. This amiable girl, who was but fifteen years old, was far from being able to speak with sufficient strength and grandeur the imprecations which it was her part to utter against her tyrant. She was young, handsome, and interesting,

* An Attorney.

and M. de Voltaire aſſumed more gen-tleneſs while he ſhewed her how far diſtant ſhe was from the ſpirit of her part. "Madam," ſaid he to her, "imagine to yourſelf that Mahomet is an impoſtor, an atrocious villain, who cauſed your father to be aſſaſſinated, has juſt poiſoned your brother, and who to crown his kindneſs would abſo-lutely raviſh yourſelf. If all this trifling treachery gives you a certain pleaſure, your politeneſs to him is well judged. But if he excite the leaſt diſguſt in you, this, Madam, is the tone that you ſhould aſſume."

Then M. de Voltaire himſelf repeat-ed the imprecation and gave this poor

innocent

innocent girl, who was blushing with shame and trembling with fear, a lesson so much more precious as he joined precept to example; and she afterwards became a very pleasing actress.

In 1755, being at M. de Voltaire's house of the *Delices* near Geneva, which he had just obtained from the attorney-general Tronchin, he deposited in my hands the Orphan of China, which was at first in three acts, and which he named his hidden treasure. Speaking of a noble character in this tragedy which possessed great novelty, he said to me, "My friend, the inflexions of your voice are naturally soft and melodi-

ous, but beware of ſuffering any of thoſe to eſcape you in the part of Gengis Khan. You muſt impreſs it ſtrongly on your mind that I have painted him as a tyger who, while he careſſes his female, ſtrikes his talons into her ſides. If the other performers find the piece languid in parts, I permit them to make curtailments. Theſe are citizens that we muſt ſometimes ſacrifice to the ſafety of the republic. But take care that they uſe the licence with caution; for falſe critics are often more dangerous in dictating theſe ſort of alterations, than men who are downright ignorant."

After

After my departure from Ferney, in the month of April 1762, M. de Voltaire formed a desire to have the Orphan of China played at his little theatre. The bookseller Cramer studied the part of Gengis Khan, under the instruction of the Duke de Villars. The pretensions of this nobleman to teach the art of performing on the stage are well known; he made his pupil Cramer a cold, insipid, declaimer. M. de Voltaire was not slow to perceive the defect; and, in the first rehearsal, he was more than ever convinced that a man may be at the same time a duke, a fine wit, and the son of a great man, without any of these titles giving him talents to exercise

exercife the fine arts, knowledge to comprehend their principles, or tafte to decide on their execution.

M. de Voltaire hiffed Cramer; and threatened to torment him in this way till he fhould have changed his ftyle of acting. The faithful Genevefe applied with incredible application to forget the whole of his mafter's leffons, and returned to Ferney at the end of fifteen days, to repeat his part in a new manner before M. de Voltaire, who perceiving a very great change, cried with rapture to Madame Denis, "My Neice, God be praifed! Cramer has difgorged his Duke!"

For more than thirty years Paris had never beheld a party as ſtrong as that which was formed to oppoſe the firſt repreſentation of the tragedy of Oreſtes, except indeed, that which was formed againſt Adelaide de Gueſclan. Oreſtes was hiſſed from three till eight in the evening. Yet, the beſt informed part of the public, whoſe judgment alone ſurvives temporary efforts becauſe it is impartial, prevailed by degrees over Crébillon's zealots, and finally teſtified its ſatisfaction by the moſt unſuſpected acclamations. It was in one of theſe inebriating moments that Voltaire ſprang half out of his box, and cried with all his

his ſtrength, "Go on Athenians! It is Sophocles!"

This frankneſs and admirable preſence of mind every hour characterized the only man of whom we have collected any anecdotes. This which follows diſplays M. de Voltaire as nature formed him, that is, animated, eloquent, and ever philoſophic.

In 1743, at the third or fourth repreſentation of Merope, M. de Voltaire obſerved a defect in a part of the dialogue. On his return from the Marchioneſs du Chatelet's houſe, where he

had

had ſupped, he corrected the faulty part, made a pacquet of his corrections, and ordered a ſervant to carry them to the Sieur Paulin, a very worthy man, but a very moderate actor, whom Voltaire had educated, as he uſed to ſay, with great care to play his tyrants. The ſervant obſerved to his maſter that it was paſt midnight, and that it would be impoſſible to awaken M. Paulin at that hour. "Away," replied the author of Merope, "tyrants never ſleep."

DECLARATION OF M. DE VOLTAIRE TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

[*Remitted by him to his Majesty's Minister, at Frankfort,* 1753.]

I AM dying; and I proteſt before God and man that, being no longer in the ſervice of his majeſty the king of Pruſſia, I am not the leſs attached to his intereſt, nor leſs ready to obey his pleaſure for the ſhort time I have to live.

He arreſted me at Frankfort for a collection of his poetry, of which he

made

made me a prefent, and I remained in prifon till the book was brought from Hamburg. I have reftored to the king's minifter, at Frankfort, all the letters of his majefty which I had preferved as precious marks of the goodnefs with which he had honoured me. At Paris I will reftore all the other letters which may be demanded by him.

His majefty wifhes to recal a contract which he had deigned to make with me. I am certainly ready to return it with all the reft; and, as foon as it fhall be found, I will reftore it or caufe it to be reftored. This writing,

which was not a contract but altogether the effect of the king's goodnefs, and which has been without any effect, was on a peice of paper one half lefs than that which d'Arget took from my chamber to the king's apartment at Potfdam. It contained nothing more than thanks on my part for the penfion which his majefty had granted me with the permiffion of the king my mafter, for that which he had alfo granted to my neice after my death, and for the crofs, and chamberlain's key.

The king of Pruffia deigned to write at the bottom of this fcrap of paper, as well as I remember: *I fign with great*

pleafure

pleasure the grant which I have designed to make for more than fifteen years past. This paper, abſolutely uſeleſs to his majeſty, to myſelf, and the public, ſhall aſſuredly be returned as ſoon as it can be found among my other papers. I neither can nor will make the leaſt uſe of it; and, to remove all ſuſpicion, I declare myſelf guilty of treaſon toward the king of France, my maſter, and the king of Pruſſia if I do not deliver up this paper the inſtant it ſhall fall into hands.

My neice, who attends me in my ſickneſs, engages under the ſame oath to reſtore it if it ſhall come into her poſſeſſion; and till I can examine my

 papers

papers at Paris I entirely annul the ſaid writing. I declare that I have no claim on his majeſty the king of Pruſſia; and, in my preſent cruel ſituation, I look for nothing except the compaſſion which his greatneſs of mind owes to a dying man who has hazarded and loſt all by his attachment to his majeſty, who has ſerved him with zeal, and has been uſeful to him but has never failed in reſpect to his perſon, and who relies on the goodneſs of his heart. I am obliged to dictate, being unable to write. I ſign, with the profoundeſt reſpect, the pureſt innocence, and the moſt lively grief,

VOLTAIRE.

LES J'AI VU,

Attribués faussement à M. de Voltaire, et qui le firent mettre à le Bastille, sous la regence, en 1716*.

TRISTES † et lugubres objets,
J'ai vu la Bastille et Vincennes,
Le Châtelet, Bicêtre, et mille prisons pleines
De braves citoyens, de fidelles sujets :
J'ai vu la liberté ravie,
De la droite raison la règle poursuivie :
J'ai

† Oh sight of gloomy woe! I have seen the Bastile, Vincennes, the Châtelet, the Bicêtre, and a thousand other prisons gorged with brave citizens and faithful subjects. I have seen freedom in chains,

* Falsely attributed to M. de Voltaire; for which during the regency he was sent to the Bastile, in the year 1716.

J'ai vu le peuple gémiffant
Sous un rigoureux efclavage :
J'ai vu le foldat rugiffant
Crever de faim, de foif, de dépit et de rage ;
J'ai vu les fages contredits,
Leurs remontrances inutiles :
J'ai vu des magiftrats vexer toutes les villes
Par des impôts crians et d'injuftes édits :
J'ai vu fous l'habit d'une femme
Un démon nous donner la loi,
Sacrifier fon Dieu, fa religion, fon ame
Pour féduire l'efprit d'un trop crédule roi :
J'ai vu un homme épouvantable,

and the people groaning in rigorous bondage. I have feen fages counteracted, and their remonftrances of no effect. I have feen magiftrates oppress the kingdom by the worft of taxes and unjuft edicts. I have feen a demon govern in a woman's form *, and facrifice her God, her religion, and her foul, to feduce the mind of a too credulous

* Madame de Maintenon.

Ce barbare ennemi de tout le genre-humain,
Exercer dans Paris, les armes à la main,
Une police abominable:
J'ai vu les tyrans impunis:
J'ai vu les gens d'honneur perſécutés, bannis:
J'ai vu même l'erreur en tous lieux triomphante,
La vérité trahie, et la foi chancellante:
J'ai vu le lieu ſaint avili;
J'ai vu Port-royal aboli;
J'ai vu l'action la plus noire
Qui puiſſe jamais arriver;

L'eau

king. I have ſeen a man of horror†, the barbarous enemy of the human race, with arms in his hand exerciſing at Paris authority the moſt abominable. I have ſeen tyrants unpuniſhed, and men of honour perſecuted and in exile. I have ſeen error every where triumphant, truth betrayed, and faith with ſtaggering ſteps. I have ſeen holy places defiled, and Port-Royal aboliſhed. I have ſeen the blackeſt act that ever can be committed; not all

† M. D'Argenſon.

the

L'eau de tout l'Océan ne pourrait la laver,
Et nos derniers neveux auront peine à la croire:
J'ai vu dans ce séjour par la grâce habité,
Des sacriléges, des profanes
Remuer et tourmenter les mânes
Des corps marqués au sceau de l'immortalité.
Ce n'est pas tout encor; j'ai vu la prèlature
Se vendre, ou devenir le prix de l'imposture:
J'ai vu les dignités en proie aux ignorans:
J'ai vu les gens de rien tenir les premiers rangs;
J'ai vu de saints prélats devenir la victime
Du feu divin qui les anime.
O temps!

the waters of the ocean could wash away its guilt, nor will future generations think it credible. I have seen, in the pure abodes of mercy, sacrilegious and prophane hands disturb the seal of immortality! Nor is this all. I have seen the mitre bought and sold, or made the reward of imposture. I have seen high dignities the prey of the ignorant, and base men holding the highest rank. I have seen holy prelates fall a sacrifice to the divine ardour by which

O temps ! ô mœurs ! j'ai vu dans ce ſiècle maudit
Ce cardinal, l'ornement de la France
Plus grand encor, plus ſaint qu'on ne le dit,
Reſſentir les effets d'une horrible vengeance:
J'ai vu l'hypocrite honoré :
J'ai vu, c'eſt tout dire, le jéſuite adoré.
J'ai vu ces maux ſous le règne funeſte
D'un prince que jadis la colère céleſte
Accorda, par vengeance, à nos déſirs ardens :
J'ai vu ces maux, et je n'ai pas vingt ans.

which they were animated. Oh times ! Oh manners ! In this accurſed age, I have ſeen that Cardinal who is the ornament of France, more great and holy even than fame reports him, feel the moſt horrible effects of vengeance. I have ſeen the hypocrite honoured, and in a word the jeſuit adored. Theſe evils I have ſeen, during the reign of a Prince whom heavenly wrath in vengeance formerly granted to our ardent wiſh. Theſe evils have I ſeen, yet the age of twenty have not paſſed.

END OF THE JUSTIFICATORY PIECES.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

I WAS tired of the lazy and turbulent life led at Paris, of the multitude of Petit-Maitres, of bad books printed with the approbation of Cenſors and the privilege of the King, of the cabals and parties among the learned, and of the mean arts, plagiariſm, and book-making which diſhonour literature. In the year 1733, I met with a

young lady who happened to think nearly as I did, and who took a reſolution to go with me and ſpend ſeveral years in the country, there to cultivate her underſtanding, far from the hurry and tumult of the world.

This Lady was no other than the Marchioneſs de Châtelet, who, of all the women in France, had a mind the moſt capable of the different branches of ſcience. Her father, the Baron de Breteuil, had taught her Latin, which ſhe underſtood as perfectly as Madame Dacier. She knew by rote the moſt beautiful paſſages in Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius, and all the philoſophical works

of

of Cicero were familiar to her. Her inclinations were more ſtrongly bent towards the mathematics and metaphyſics than any other ſtudies, and ſeldom have there been united in the ſame perſon ſo much juſtneſs of diſcernment, and elegance of taſte, with ſo ardent a deſire of information.

Yet, notwithſtanding her love of literature, ſhe was not the leſs fond of the world, and thoſe amuſements which were adapted to her ſex and age: ſhe, however, determined to quit them all, and go and bury herſelf in an old ruinous chateau, upon the borders of Champagne and Lorraine, and ſituated in a barren

and unhealthy ſoil. This old chateau ſhe ornamented, and embelliſhed with tolerably pretty gardens; I built a gallery, and formed a very good collection of natural hiſtory: add to which, we had a library not badly furniſhed.

We were viſited by ſeveral of the learned, who came to philoſophize in our retreat: among others we had the celebrated Köenig for two entire years, who has ſince died Profeſſor at the Hague, and Librarian to her Highneſs the Princeſs of Orange. Maupertuis came alſo, with John Bernouilli; and there it was that Maupertuis, who was born the moſt jealous of all human be-

ings,

ings, made me the object of a paſſion which has ever been to him exceedingly dear.

I taught Engliſh to Madame du Châtelet, who, in about three months, underſtood it as well as I did, and read Newton, Locke, and Pope, with equal eaſe. She learnt Italian likewiſe as ſoon. We read all the works of Taſſo and Arioſto together, ſo that when Algarotti came to Circy, where he finiſhed his *Neutonianiſmo per le Dame*, [The Ladies Newton,] he found her ſufficiently ſkilful in his own language to give him ſome very excellent information by which he profited. Algarotti was a Venetian, the ſon of a very rich tradeſ-

man, and very amiable; he travelled all over Europe, knew a little of every thing, and gave to every thing a grace.

In this our delightful retreat we sought only instruction, and troubled not ourselves concerning what passed in the rest of the world. We long employed all our attention and powers upon Leibnitz and Newton: Madame du Châtelet attached herself first to Leibnitz, and explained one part of his system, in a book exceedingly well written, entitled *Institutions de Physique*. She did not seek to decorate philosophy with ornaments to which philosophy is a stranger; such affectation never was part of her character, which

was

was mafculine and juft. The properties of her ftyle were clearnefs, precifion, and elegance. If it be ever poffible to give the femblance of truth to the ideas of Leibnitz, it will be found in that book: but at prefent few people trouble themfelves to know how or what Leibnitz thought.

Born with a love of truth, fhe foon abandoned fyftem, and applied herfelf to the difcoveries of the great Newton; fhe tranflated his whole book on the Principles of the Mathematics into French; and when fhe had afterwards enlarged her knowledge, fhe added to this book, which fo few people under-

 ftood,

ſtood, an Algebraical Commentary, which likewiſe is not to be underſtood by common readers. M. Clairaut, one of our beſt Geometricians, has carefully reviewed this Commentary, an edition of it was begun, and it is not to the honour of the age, that it was never finiſhed.

At Circy we cultivated all the arts; it was there I compoſed *Alzire*, *Mérope*, *l'Enfant Prodigue*, and *Mahomet*. For her uſe I wrote an Eſſay on Univerſal Hiſtory, from the Age of Charlemagne to the preſent. I choſe the epocha of Charlemagne, becauſe it was the point of time which Boſſuet ſtopped at, and be-

 cauſe

caufe I durft not again treat a fubject already handled by fo great a mafter.

Madame du Châtelet, however, was far from fatisfied with the Univerfal Hiftory of this prelate; fhe thought it eloquent only, and was provoked to find that the labours of Boffuet were all wafted upon a nation fo defpicable as the Jewifh.

After having fpent fix years in this retreat, in the midft of the arts and fciences, we were obliged to go to Bruffels, where the family of du Châtele had long been embroiled in a law-fuit with the family of Honfbrouk.

Here

Here I had the good fortune to meet with a grandſon of the illuſtrious and unfortunate Grand Penſioner De Wit, who was Firſt Preſident of the Chamber of Accounts, and had one of the fineſt libraries in Europe, which was of great uſe to me in writing my Univerſal Hiſtory.

But I had a ſtill ſuperior happineſs at Bruſſels, and which gave me infinite pleaſure. I terminated the law-ſuit, by an accommodation, in which the two families had been ruining each other with expences for near ſixty years, and gained two hundred and twenty thouſand livres paid in ready money to the Marquis du Châtelet.

While

While I remained at Bruſſels, and in the year 1740, the unpoliſhed King of Pruſſia, Frederick-William, the moſt intolerant of all Kings, and beyond contradiction the moſt frugal, and the richeſt in ready money, died at Berlin. His ſon, who has ſince gained ſo ſingular a kind of reputation, had then held a tolerably regular correſpondence with me for above four years. The world never perhaps beheld a father and ſon who leſs reſembled each other than theſe two Monarchs.

The father was an abſolute Vandal, who thought of no other thing, during his whole reign, than amaſſing of money,

and

and maintaining, at the leaſt poſſible expence, the fineſt ſoldiers in Europe. Never were ſubjects poorer, or King more rich. He bought up at a deſpicable price the eſtates of a great part of the Nobility, who ſoon devoured the little money they got for them, above half of which returned to the Royal coffers by means of the duties upon conſumption. All the King's lands were farmed out to tax-gatherers, who held the double office of Exciſeman and Judge; inſomuch, that if a landed tenant did not pay this collector upon the very day appointed, he put on his Judge's robe, and condemned the delinquent in double the ſum. It muſt be

be obferved, that if this fame Excifeman and Judge did not pay the King by the laft day of the month, the day following he was himfelf obliged to pay double to the King.

Did a man kill a hare or lop a tree any where near the Royal domains, or commit any other peccadillo? he was inftantly condemned to pay a fine. Was a poor girl found guilty of *making* a child? the father or the mother, or fome other of the girl's relations, were obliged to pay his Majefty *for the fafhion.*

The

The Baronneſs of Kniphauſſen, who at that time was the richeſt widow in Berlin, that is to ſay, ſhe had between three and four hundred a year, was accuſed of having brought one of the King's ſubjects clandeſtinely into the world in the ſecond year of her widowhood. His Majeſty thereupon wrote her a letter, with his own hand, wherein he informed her it was neceſſary, if ſhe meant to ſave her honour, and preſerve her character, ſhe muſt immediately ſend him thirty thouſand livres (1250l.) This ſum ſhe was obliged to borrow, and was ruined.

He

He had an Ambaſſador at the Hague, whoſe name was Luiſius; and certainly of all the Ambaſſadors that appertained to royalty, he was paid the worſt. This poor man, that he might be able to keep a fire, had cut down ſome trees in the garden of Hous-lardick, which then appertained to the Royal-houſe of Pruſſia. His next diſpatches brought him word that the King, *his gracious Sovereign*, had ſtopped, on this account, a year's ſalary to defray his damages, and Luiſius, in a fit of deſpair, cut his throat with the only razor he had. An old valet, happening to come in, called aſſiſtance, and unhappily for him ſaved his life. I afterwards met with his Excellency at

the Hague, and gave him alms at a gate of the Palace, which is called the Old Court, and which belonged to the King of Pruſſia, where this poor Ambaſſador had lived twelve years.

Turkey, it muſt be confeſſed, is a Republic, when compared to the deſpotiſm exercifed by this Frederic-William.

It was by ſuch like means, only, that he could, in a reign of twenty-eight years, load the cellars of his Palace at Berlin with a hundred and twenty millions of crowns (fifteen millions ſterling), all well caſked up in barrels, hooped with iron.

He

He took great pleaſure in furniſhing the grand apartment of the Palace with heavy articles of maſſy ſilver, in which the worth of the workman ſurpaſſed not the ſterling of nature. He gave to the Queen his wife, in charge, that is, a cabinet, the contents of which, even to the coffee-pot, were all gold.

The Monarch uſed to walk from his Palace cloathed in an old blue coat, with copper buttons, half way down his thighs, and when he bought a new one, theſe buttons were made to ſerve again. It was in this dreſs that his Majeſty, armed with a huge ſerjeant's cane, marched forth every day to review his regiment

of giants. These giants were his greatest delight, and the things for which he went to the heaviest expence.

The men who stood in the first rank of this regiment were none of them less than seven feet high, and he sent to purchase them from the farther parts of Europe to the borders of Asia. I have seen some of them since his death.

The King, his son, who loved handsome, and not gigantic men, had given those I saw to the Queen, his wife, to serve in quality of Heiduques. I remember they accompanied the old state coach, which preceded the Marquis de Beauvau,

Beauvau, who came to compliment the new King in the month of November, 1740. The late King Frederic-William, who had formerly sold all the magnificent furniture left by his father, never could find a purchaser for that enormous ungilt coach. The Heiduques, who walked on each side to support it, in case it should fall, shook hands with each other over the roof.

After Frederic-William had reviewed his giants, he used to walk through the town, and every body fled before him full speed. If he happened to meet a woman, he would demand why she staid idling her time in the streets; and ex-

claim, *Go—get home with you, you lazy hussy; an honest woman has no business over the threshold of her own door*; which remonstrance he would accompany with a hearty box on the ear, a kick in the groin, or a few well applied strokes on the shoulders with his cane.

The holy Ministers of the Gospel were treated also in exactly the same style, if they happened to take a fancy to come upon the parade.

We may easily imagine, what would be the astonishment and vexation of a Vandal, like this, to find he had a son endowed with wit, grace, and good breeding;

breeding; who delighted to pleafe, was eager in the acquifition of knowledge, and who made verfes, and afterwards fet them to mufic. If he caught him with a book in his hand, he threw it in the fire; or playing on the flute, he broke his inftrument; and fometimes treated his Royal Highnefs, as he treated the ladies and the preachers when he met with them on the parade.

The Prince, weary of the attentions of fo kind a father, determined one fine morning, in 1730, to elope, without well knowing whether he would fly to France or England. Paternal œconomy had deprived him of the power

of travelling in the ſtyle of ſon and heir to a farmer-general, or even an Engliſh tradeſman, and he was obliged to borrow a few hundred ducats.

Two young gentlemen, both very amiable, one named Kat, the other Keit, were to accompany him. Kat was the only ſon of a brave General Officer, and Keit had married the daughter of the ſame Baroneſs of Kniphauſſen, who had paid the ten thouſand crowns about the child-making buſineſs before mentioned. The day and hour were appointed; the father was informed of the whole affair, and the Prince and his two travelling

com-

companions were all three put under an arreſt.

The King believed at firſt, that the Princeſs Wilhelmina, his daughter, who was afterwards married to the Prince Margrave of Bareith, was concerned in the plot: and as he was remarkable for diſpatch in the executive branch of juſtice, he proceeded to kick her out of a large window, which opened from the floor to the cieling. The Queen-Mother, who was preſent at this exploit, with great difficulty ſaved her, by catching hold of her petticoats at the moment ſhe was making her leap. The Princeſs received a contuſion on her left breaſt,

which remained with her during life, as a mark of paternal affection, and which she did me the honour to shew me.

The Prince had a sort of mistress, the daughter of a school-master, of the town of Brandebourg, who had settled at Potzdam. This girl played tolerably ill upon the harpsicord, and the Prince accompanied her with his flute. He really *imagined* himself in love, but in this he was deceived; his avocation was not with the *fair sex*. However, as he had pretended a kind of passion, the King, his father, thought proper that the damsel should make the tour of Potzdam, conducted by the hangman,

and

and ordered her to be whipped in prefence of his fon.

After he had regaled him with this diverting fpectacle, he made a transfer of him to the citadel of Cuftrin, which was fituated in the midft of a marfh. Here he was fhut up, without a fingle fervant, for the fpace of fix months, in a fort of dungeon, at the end of which time he was allowed a foldier as an attendant.

This foldier, who was young, well made, handfome, and played upon the flute, had more ways than one of amuf-ing the royal prifoner. So many fine qualities have made his fortune; and I have

have ſince known him, at once Valet de Chambre and firſt Miniſter, with all the inſolence which two ſuch poſts may be ſuppoſed to inſpire.

The Prince had been ſome weeks in his palace at Cuſtrin, when one day an old officer, followed by four grenadiers, entered his chamber, weeping. Frederic had no doubt he was going to be made a head ſhorter; but the officer ſtill in tears, ordered the grenadiers to take him to the window, and hold his head out of it, that he might be obliged to look on the execution of his friend Kat, upon a ſcaffold expreſly built there for that purpoſe. He ſaw,

ſtretched out his hand, and fainted. The father was preſent at this exhibition, as he had been at that of the girl's whipping-bout.

Keit, the other confidant, had fled into Holland, whither the King diſpatched his military meſſengers to ſeize him. He eſcaped merely by a minute, embarked for Portugal, and there remained till the death of the moſt clement Frederic-William.

It was not the King's intention to have ſtopped there; his deſign was to have beheaded the Prince. He conſidered that he had three other ſons, not one of whom wrote verſes, and that they were

ſufficient

fufficient to fuftain the Pruffian grandeur. Meafures had been already concerted to make him fuffer, as the Czarovitz, eldeft fon to Peter the Great, had fuffered before.

It is not exceedingly clear, from any known laws, human or divine, that a young man fhould have his head ftruck off, becaufe he had a wifh to travel. But his Majefty had found judges in Pruffia, equally as learned and equitable as the Ruffian expounders of law. Befides that his own paternal authority, in a cafe of need, would at any time fuffice.

The Emperor Charles the Sixth, however, pretended that the Prince Royal,

as a Prince of the Empire, could not ſuffer condemnation but in a full Diet; and ſent the Count de Sekendorf to the father, in order to make very ſerious remonſtrances on that ſubject.

The Count de Sekendorf, whom I have ſince known in Saxony, where he lives retired, has declared to me, it was with very great difficulty indeed, that he could prevail with the King not to behead the Prince. This is the ſame Sekendorf who has commanded the armies of Bavaria, and of whom the Prince, when he came to the throne, drew a hideous portrait, in the hiſtory of his father, which he inſerted in ſome thirty

thirty copies of his Memoires de Brandebourg *. Who would not, after this, ſerve Princes, and prevent tyrants from cutting off their heads?

After eighteen months impriſonment, the ſolicitations of the Emperor, and the tears of the Queen, obtained the Prince his liberty; and he immediately began to make verſes, and write muſic more than ever. He read Leibnitz, and even Wolf, whom he called a compiler of traſh, and devoted himſelf to the whole circle of ſciences at once.

* I gave the Elector Palatine the copy of this work, which the King of Pruſſia preſented to me.

As the King, his father, fuffered him to have very little to do with the national affairs, or as there rather, indeed, were no fuch affairs in a government the whole bufinefs of which was reviews, he employed his leifure in writing to thofe men of letters in France, who were fomething known in the world. Thefe letters were fome in verfe, and others were treatifes of metaphyfics, hiftory, and politics. He treated me as a fomething *divine*, and I him as a *Solomon*. Epithets coft us nothing. They have printed fome of thefe ridiculous things in a collection of my works, and happily they have not printed the thirtieth part of them.

I took

I took the liberty to ſend him an exceedingly beautiful ink-ſtand; he had the bounty to preſent me with a few gew-gaws of amber, and all the wits of the Pariſian coffee-houſes imagined with horror my fortune was made.

A young Courlander, named Keizerling, who was likewiſe a rhymer, and of courſe a favourite with Frederic, was diſpatched from the frontiers of Pomerania to us at Circy. We prepared a feaſt for him, and I made a fine illumination, the lights of which compoſed the cypher, and the name of the Prince Royal, with this device, *l'Eſperance du genre humain*:—"The hope of all nations."

For

For my own part, had I been inclined to indulge perſonal hopes, I had great reaſon ſo to do; for my Prince always called me his *dear friend*, in his letters, and ſpoke frequently of the *ſolid* marks of friendſhip which he deſigned for me as ſoon as he ſhould mount the throne.

The throne at laſt was mounted, while I was at Bruſſels, and he began his reign by ſending an Ambaſſador Extraordinary to France; one Camas, who had loſt an arm, formerly a French refugee, and then an officer in the Pruſſian army. He ſaid that, as there was a Miniſter from the French court at Berlin, who had but one hand, he, that he might ac-

quit himſelf of all obligation towards the Moſt Chriſtian King, had ſent him an Ambaſſador with only one arm.

Camas, as ſoon as he arrived ſafe at his inn, diſpatched a lad to me, whom he had created his page, to tell me that he was too much fatigued to come to my houſe, and therefore begged I would come to him inſtantly, he having the fineſt, greateſt, and moſt magnificent preſent that ever was preſented, to make me on the part of the King his maſter. Run—run as faſt as you can, ſaid Madame du Châtelet, he has aſſuredly ſent you the diamonds of the crown.

Away

Away I ran, and found my Ambaſſador, whoſe only baggage was a ſmall keg of wine, tied behind his chaiſe, ſent from the cellar of the late King by the reigning Monarch, with a royal command for me to drink. I emptied myſelf in proteſtations of aſtoniſhment and gratitude for theſe *liquid* marks of his Majeſty's bounty, inſtead of the *ſolid* ones I had been taught to expect, and divided my keg with Camas.

My *Solomon* was then at Straſbourg; the whim had taken him while he was viſiting his long and narrow land, which extends from Guelders to the Baltic ocean, that he would come *incognito* to

view the frontiers and troops of France. This pleafure he enjoyed at Strafbourg, where he went by the name of Count du Four, a Lord of Bohemia. His brother, the Prince Royal, who was with him, had alfo his travelling title; and Algaroti, who already had attached himfelf to him, was the only one who went unmafked.

His Majefty fent me a hiftory of his journey to Bruffels, half verfe, half profe, written in a tafte fomething fimilar to that of Bachaumont and Chapelle; that is to fay, as fimilar as a King of Pruffia's could be fuppofed to be. The following are extracts from his letter.

"After

" After theſe abominable roads, we " were obliged to put up at ſtill more " abominable inns.

" Hungry and cold, and late at night,
" Each thieviſh hoſt beheld our plight;
" And each, with more than frugal fiſt,
" (Stew'd firſt in moſt infernal miſt)
" Would poiſon us, and after rob us,
" Happy to think how they could ſob us.
" Oh times! when robbing is ſo common!
" Oh age! how wide from age of Roman!

" Roads frightful, food bad, drink " worſe. This was not all; we met " with many accidents; and to be ſure " our equipage muſt have ſomething " very odd about it, for every place we

" paſſed through they took us for out-
" landiſh animals.

" One ſtares, and Monarchs us believes,
" Others ſuſpect we're civil thieves;
" Some think us late let looſe from college,
" And eager all of farther knowledge,
" They croud and ſquint, and wiſh to ſmoke us,
" As cockneys gape at hocus-pocus.

" The maſter of the poſt-houſe at Kell
" having aſſured us there was no ſafety
" without paſſports, and ſeeing we were
" driven to an abſolute neceſſity of mak-
" ing them for ourſelves, or of not en-
" tering Straſbourg, we were e'en forced
" to this ſhift, in the execution of which,
" the Pruſſian arms, which I had upon
" my ſeal, were marvellouſly uſeful.

" We

"We arrived at Straſbourg, and the
"*Corſaire de la douane* and the *Viſiteur*
"ſeemed ſatisfied with our proofs.

"The raſcals found themſelves in clover,
"With one eye read our paſſports over,
"And fix'd the other on our purſe,
"Determin'd we ſhould reimburſe
"Their pains, with guineas good and many;
"Thus gold, with which Jove bought Miſs Danaë,
"Thus gold, with which your mighty Cæſar
"Govern'd the world with wond'rous eaſe, Sir;
"Gold, greater far than all the noddies,
"Ycleped or either God or Goddeſs,
"Soon brought the ſcoundrels to adore us,
"And ope the gates of Straſbourg for us *."

We

* Perhaps it is impoſſible to render the true ſpirit of theſe extracts, and others inſerted in theſe Memoirs, without ap-

We may fee by this letter, that he was not yet become the beft of all poffible poets, and that his philofophy did not look with total indifference on the metal of which his father had made fuch ample provifion.

From Strafbourg he went to vifit his territories in the Lower Germany, and fent me word he would come *incognito* to fee me at Bruffels. We prepared elegant apartments for him in the little Chateau de Meufe, two leagues from Cleves. He informed me, he expected I fhould

pearing either ftupid or extravagant; though liberties have been taken in the ftyle, which would fcarcely be juftifiable in other parts of the work. T.

I ſhould make the firſt advances, and accordingly I went to pay him my moſt profound reſpects.

Maupertuis, who had already formed his plan, having the mania of becoming Preſident of an Academy upon him, had preſented himſelf, and was lodged with Algaroti and Keizerling in one of the garrets of this palace. One ſoldier was the only guard I found. The Privy-Counſellor and Miniſter of State, Rambonet, was walking in the court-yard, blowing his fingers. He had on a pair of large, dirty, coarſe ruffles, a hat all in holes, and an old judge's wig, one ſide of which hung into his pocket, and the other

ſcarcely

ſcarcely touched his ſhoulder. They informed me, this man was charged with a ſtate affair of great importance, and ſo indeed he was.

I was conducted into his Majeſty's apartment, in which I found nothing but four bare walls. By the light of a bougie, I perceived a little truckle bed, two feet and a half wide, in a cloſet, upon which lay a little man, wrapped up in a morning gown of blue cloth. It was his Majeſty, who lay ſweating and ſhaking, beneath a beggarly coverlet, in a violent ague fit. I made my bow, and began my acquaintance by feeling his pulſe, as if I had been his firſt phyſician.

The fit left him, and he roſe, dreſſed himſelf, and ſat down to table with Algarotti, Keizerling, Maupertuis, the Ambaſſador to the States General, and myſelf; where, at ſupper, we treated moſt profoundly on the immortality of the ſoul, natural liberty, and the *Androgynes* of Plato.

While we were thus philoſophizing upon freedom, the Privy-Counſellor Rambonet, was mounted upon a poſt-horſe, and riding all night towards Liege, at the gates of which he arrived the next day, where he proclaimed, with ſound of trumpet, the name of the King his maſter, while two thouſand ſoldiers from Veſel

ſel were laying the city of Liege under contribution. The pretext for this fine expedition was certain rights, which his Majeſty pretended to have over a part of the ſuburbs. It was to me he committed the taſk of drawing up the manifeſto, which I performed as well as the nature of the caſe would let me; never ſuſpecting that a King, with whom I ſupped, and who called me his friend, could poſſibly be in the wrong. The affair was ſoon brought to a concluſion, by the payment of a million of livres, which he exacted in good hard ducats, and which ſerved to defray the expences of his tour to Straſbourg, concerning which he complained ſo loudly in his poetic proſe epiſtle.

I ſoon

I ſoon felt myſelf attached to him, for he had wit, an agreeable manner, and was moreover, a King; which is a circumſtance of ſeduction hardly to be vanquiſhed by human weakneſs. Generally ſpeaking, it is the employment of men of letters to flatter Kings; but in this inſtance, I was praiſed by a King, from the crown of my head to the ſole of my foot, at the ſame time that I was libelled, at leaſt once a week, by the Abbé Des-Fontaines, and other Grub-ſtreet poets of Paris.

Some time before the death of his father, the King of Pruſſia thought proper to write againſt the principles of

Machiavel.

Machiavel. Had Machiavel had a Prince for a pupil, the very firſt thing he would have adviſed him to do, would have been ſo to write. The Prince Royal, however, was not maſter of ſo much fineſſe; he really meant what he wrote; but it was before he was a King, and while his father gave him no great reaſon to fall in love with deſpotic power. He praiſed moderation and juſtice with his whole ſoul; and in the ardour of his enthuſiaſm, looked upon all uſurpation as an abſolute crime.

This manuſcript he had ſent to me at Bruſſels, to have it corrected and printed; and I had already made a preſent of it to

a Dutch

a Dutch bookſeller, one Venduren, one of the greateſt knaves of his profeſſion. I could not help feeling ſome remorſe, at being concerned in printing this Anti-Machiavelian book, at the very moment the King of Pruſſia, who had a hundred millions in his coffers, was robbing the poor people at Liege of another, by the hands of the Privy-Counſellor Rambonet.

I imagined my Solomon would not ſtop there. His father had left him ſixty-ſix thouſand four hundred men, all complete, and excellent troops. He was buſily augmenting them, and appeared to have a vaſt inclination to give them employment the very firſt opportunity.

I re-

I reprefented to him, that perhaps it was not altogether prudent to print his book juft at the time the world might reproach him with having violated the principles he taught; and he permitted me to ftop the impreffion. I accordingly took a journey into Holland, purpofely to do him this trifling fervice; but the bookfeller demanded fo much money, that his Majefty, who was not, in the bottom of his heart, vexed to fee himfelf in print, was better pleafed to be fo for nothing, than to pay for not being fo.

While I was in Holland, occupied in this bufinefs, Charles the Sixth died, in the month of October, 1740, of an indigeftion,

digeſtion, occaſioned by eating champignons, which brought on an apoplexy, and this plate of champignons changed the deſtiny of Europe. It was preſently evident, that Frederic the third, King of Pruſſia, was not ſo great an enemy to Machiavel as the Prince Royal appeared to have been.

Although he had then conceived the project of his invaſion of Sileſia, he did not the leſs neglect to invite me to his court; but I had before given him to underſtand I could not come to ſtay with him; that I deemed it a duty to prefer friendſhip to ambition; that I was attached to Madame du Châtelet; and

that, between philosophers, I loved a Lady better than a King. He approved of the liberty I took, though for his own part he did not love the Ladies. I went to pay him a visit in October; and the Cardinal de Fleury writ me a long letter, full of praises of the Anti-Machiavel, and of the author, which I did not forget to let him see.

He had already assembled his troops, yet not one of his Generals or Ministers could penetrate into his designs. The Marquis de Beauvau, who was sent to compliment him on his accession, believed he meant to declare against France, in favour of Maria-Theresa, Queen of Hungary

Hungary and Bohemia, and daughter of Charles the Sixth; and to ſupport the election of Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuſcany, and huſband of that Queen, to the Empire, ſuppoſing he might thence derive great advantages.

I had more reaſon than any perſon to ſuppoſe, the new-crowned King of Pruſſia meant to eſpouſe this party; for three months before, he had ſent me a political diſſertation, after his manner, wherein he conſidered France as the natural enemy and depredator of Germany. But it was conſtitutional with him to do the direct contrary of what he ſaid or wrote; not from diſſimulation, but becauſe he ſpoke

and wrote with one kind of enthuſiaſm, and afterwards acted with another.

He departed on the 15th of December, with the quartan ague, for the conqueſt of Sileſia, at the head of thirty thouſand combatants, well diſciplined, and well accoutred. As he mounted his horſe, he ſaid to the Marquis de Beauvau, Maria Thereſa's Miniſter, "I am going to play your game; ſhould the trumps fall into our hands, we will divide the winnings."

He has ſince that written the hiſtory of that conqueſt, and he ſhewed me the whole of it. Here follows one of the

curious

curious paragraphs, in the introduction to theſe annals, which I, in preference, carefully tranſcribed, as a thing unique in its kind.

"Add to the foregoing conſidera-
"tions, I had troops entirely prepared
"to act; this, the fulneſs of my trea-
"ſury, and the vivacity of my charac-
"ter, were the reaſons why I made war
"upon Maria-Thereſa, Queen of Bo-
"hemia and Hungary."

And a few lines after, he has theſe very words.

"Ambition, intereſt, and a deſire to
"make the world ſpeak of me, van-

" quiſhed all, and war was determined
" on."

From the time that conquerors, or fiery ſpirits that would be conquerors, firſt were, to the preſent hour, I believe he is the only one who has ever done himſelf thus much juſtice. Never man, perhaps, felt reaſon more forcibly, or liſtened more attentively to his paſſions; but this mixture of a philoſophic mind, and a diſorderly imagination, have ever compoſed his character.

It is much to be regretted that I prevailed on him to omit theſe paſſages, when I afterwards corrected his works; a con-

a confeſſion ſo uncommon, ſhould have paſſed down to poſterity, and have ſerved to ſhew upon what motives the generality of wars are founded. We authors, poets, hiſtorians, and academician declaimers, celebrate theſe fine exploits; but here is a monarch who performs and condemns them.

His troops had already entered Sileſia, when his Miniſter at Vienna, the Baron de Gotter, made the very impolite propoſal to Maria-Thereſa, of ceding, with a good grace, to the Elector and King his maſter, three-fourths of that province: for which his Pruſſian Majeſty

would lend her three millions of crowns, and make her hufband Emperor.

Maria-Therefa, who at that time had neither troops, money, nor credit, was notwithftanding inflexible; fhe rather chofe to rifk the lofs of all, than crouch to a Prince whom fhe looked upon as the vaffal of her anceftors, and whofe life the Emperor, her father, had faved. Her Generals could fcarcely mufter twenty thoufand men. Marfhal Neuperg, who commanded them, forced the King of Pruffia to give battle under the walls of Neiffe. The Pruffian cavalry was at firft put to the rout by the Auftrian;

and

and the King, who was not accuſtomed to ſtand fire, fled at the firſt ſhock as far as Opeleim, twelve long leagues from the field of battle.

Maupertuis, who hoped to make his fortune in a hurry, was in the ſuit of the Monarch this campaign, imagining that the King would at leaſt find him a horſe. But this was not the royal cuſtom. Maupertuis bought an aſs for two ducats, on the day of battle, and fled with all his might after his Majeſty on aſs-back. This ſteed, however, was preſently diſtanced, and Maupertuis was taken and ſtripped by the Auſtrian huſſars.

Frederic paſſed the night on a truckle-bed, in a village alehouſe near Ratibor, on the confines of Poland, whence he was preparing to enter the northern part of his own dominions, when one of his horſemen arrived from the camp at Molwitz, and informed him he had gained the victory. This news was confirmed a quarter of an hour after by an Aid-de-Camp, and was true enough.

If the Pruſſian cavalry was bad, the infantry was the beſt in Europe; it had been under the diſcipline of the old Prince of Anhalt for thirty years. Marſhal Schwerin, who commanded, was a pupil of Charles the Twelfth. He turned

the fate of the day as ſoon as the King was fled. The next day his Majeſty came back to his army, and the conquering General was very near being diſgraced.

I returned to philoſophize in my retreat at Circy, and paſſed the winter at Paris, where I had a multitude of enemies; for, having long before written the Hiſtory of Charles XII. preſented ſeveral ſucceſsful pieces to the theatre, and compoſed an epic poem, I had, of courſe, all thoſe who writ either in verſe or proſe as perſecutors; and as I had the audacity to write likewiſe on philoſophic ſubjects, I of neceſſity, according to ancient

ancient ufage, was treated as an atheift by all thofe who are called devotees.

I was the firft who had dared develop to my countrymen, in an intelligible ftyle, the difcoveries of the great Newton. The Cartefian prejudices, which had taken place of the prejudices of the Peripatetics, were at that time fo rooted in the minds of the French, that the Chancellor d'Agueffeau regarded any man whatever who fhould adopt difcoveries made in England, as an enemy to reafon and the ftate. He never would grant a privilege that I might have my *Elements of the Newtonian Philofophy* printed.

I was

I was likewife a vaft admirer of Locke; I confidered him as the fòle reafonable Metaphyfician. Above all, I praifed that moderation fo new, fo prudent, and at the fame time fo daring, where he fays, we have not fufficient knowledge to determine or affirm, by the light of reafon, that God could not grant the gifts of thought and fenfation to a being which we call Material.

The obftinate malignity and intrepidity of ignorance, with which they fet upon me on this article, cannot be conceived. The principles of Locke had never occafioned any difputes in France before, becaufe the Doctors read St. Thomas

Aquinas

Aquinas and Quênel, and the reſt of the world read Romances. As ſoon as I had praiſed this Author, they began to cry out againſt both him and me. The poor creatures, who were hotteſt in this diſpute, certainly knew very little of either matter or ſpirit. The fact is, we none of us know what or how we are, except that we are convinced we have motion, life, ſenſation, and thought, but without having the leaſt conception of how we came by them. The very elements of matter are as much hidden from us as the reſt. We are blind creatures, that walk on, groping and reaſoning in the dark; and Locke was exceedingly right when he aſſerted, it was not

for

for us to determine what the Almighty could or could not do.

All this, added to the ſucceſs of my theatrical productions, drew a whole library of Pamphlets down upon me, in which they proved I was a bad Poet, an Atheiſt, and the ſon of a Peaſant.

A hiſtory of my life was printed, in which this genealogy was inſerted—An induſtrious German took care to collect all the tales of that kind, which had been crammed into the libels they had publiſhed againſt me. They imputed adventures to me with perſons I never knew, and with others that never exiſted.

I have

I have found while writing this, a letter from the Marſhal de Richelieu, which informed me of an impudent Lampoon, in which it was proved his wife had given me an elegant coach, with *ſomething elſe*, at a time when he had no wife.

At firſt I took ſome pleaſure in making a collection of theſe calumnies, but they multiplied to ſuch a degree I was obliged to leave off. Such were the fruits I gathered from my labours: I, however, eaſily conſoled myſelf; ſometimes in my retreat at Cirey, and at others in mixing with the beſt company.

While the refuſe of literature were thus making war upon me, France was doing

doing the ſame upon the Queen of Hungary; and it muſt be owned, this war was equally unjuſt; for after having ſolemnly ſtipulated, guaranteed, and ſworn to the Pragmatic Sanction of the Emperor Charles VI. and the ſucceſſion of Maria-Tereſa to the inheritance of her father, and after having received Lorraine as the purchaſe of theſe promiſes, it does not appear very conſiſtent with the rights of Nations to break an engagement ſo ſacred. The Cardinal de Fleury was perſuaded out of his pacific meaſures; he could not ſay, like the King of Pruſſia, it was the vivacity of his temper which occaſioned him to take arms. This fortunate Prelate reigned

when he was eighty-six years of age, but held the reins of Government with a very feeble hand.

France was in alliance with the King of Pruſſia when he ſeized upon Sileſia. Two armies were ſent into Germany at a time when Maria-Tereſa had none. One of theſe armies had penetrated to within five leagues of Vienna, without meeting a ſingle opponent. Bohemia was given to the Elector of Bavaria, who was elected Emperor alſo, after having been created Lieutenant-General of the armies of the King of France. They ſoon, however, committed all the faults

neceſſary

neceffary to lofe the advantages they had gained.

The King of Pruffia, in the mean time, having matured his courage, and gained feveral victories, concluded a peace with the Auftrians. Maria, to her infinite regret, gave him up the county of Glatz with Silefia. Having, without ceremony, broke off his alliance with France on thefe conditions, in the month of June, 1742, he writ me word he had put himfelf under a proper regimen, and fhould advife the other invalids to do the like.

This Prince was then at the height of his power, having one hundred and

 thirty

thirty thoufand men under his command accuftomed to victory, and the cavalry which he himfelf had formed. He drew twice as much from Silefia as it produced to the Houfe of Auftria, faw himfelf firmly feated in his new conqueft, and was happy, while all the other contending powers were fuffering the miferies of depredation. Princes in thefe times ruin themfelves by war—he enriched himfelf.

He now turned his attention to the embelliſhment of the city of Berlin, where he built one of the fineft opera-houfes in Europe, and whither he invited artifts of all denominations. He

wiſhed

wiſhed to acquire glory of every kind, and to acquire it in the cheapeſt manner poſſible.

His father had reſided at Potzdam in a vile old houſe; he turned it into a palace. Potzdam became a pleaſant town; Berlin grew daily more extenſive; and the Pruſſians began to taſte the comforts of life, which the late King had entirely neglected. Several people had furniture in their houſes, and moſt even wore ſhirts, for in the former reign ſuch things were little known. They then wore ſleeves and fore-bodies only, tied on with pack thread, and the reigning Monarch had been ſo educated.

The ſcene changed as it were by magic; Lacedæmon became Athens; deſerts were peopled; and one hundred and three villages were formed from marſhes cleared and drained. Nor did he neglect to make verſes, and write muſic: I therefore was not ſo exceedingly wrong in calling him, The Solomon of the North. I gave him this nick name in my Letters, and he continued long to bear it.

ME-

MEMOIRS

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PART THE SECOND.

CARDINAL de Fleury died the twenty-ninth of February, 1743, at the age of ninety. Never did man come to be Prime-Minifter later in life, and never did Prime-Minifter keep his place fo long. He began his career of good fortune at the age of feventy-three,

by being King of France; and ſo he continued, indiſputably, to the day of his death, always affecting the greateſt modeſty, never amaſſing riches, and without pomp, forming himſelf only to reign. He left the reputation of an artful and amiable perſon, rather than that of a man of genius, and was ſaid to have known the intrigues of a court, better than the affairs of Europe.

I have often ſeen him at the houſe of Madame de Villeroi, when he was only the ancient Biſhop of the little paltry town of Frejus, of which he was always called Biſhop *by divine indignation*, as may be ſeen in ſome of his letters.

Madame de Villeroi was an exceedingly ugly woman, whom he *repudiated* as ſoon as ever it was convenient. The Marſhal de Villeroi, her huſband, who knew not the Biſhop had long been the lover of his lady, prevailed on Louis XIV. to name him Preceptor to Louis XV. From Preceptor he became Prime-Miniſter, and was not backward in contributing to the exile of his benefactor. Ingratitude excepted, he was a tolerably good man; but, as he had no talents himſelf, he took care to drive away all thoſe who had, be they of what kind they would.

Several of the Academicians were deſirous I ſhould ſupply his place in the

French Academy. It was aſked at the King's ſupper, who ſhould pronounce the Cardinal's funeral oration at the Academy? His Majeſty replied, it ſhould be me; the Dutcheſs of Chateauroux, his Miſtreſs, would have it ſo; but the Count de Maurepas, Secretary of State, would not. He was bit with a fooliſh rage of quarrelling with all the Miſtreſſes of his Maſter, and found the effects of his diſeaſe.

An old idiot, who was Preceptor to the Dauphin, formerly a Theatine Monk, and afterwards Biſhop of Mirepoix, named Boyer, undertook, for conſcience-ſake, to ſecond the caprice of M. de

de Maurepas. This Boyer having the difpofal of the church livings, the King left all the affairs of the Clergy to his management. This, in his opinion, came under the head of ecclefiaftical matters; and he remonftrated that it would be an offence againft God, fhould a profane perfon, like me, fucceed a Cardinal.

I knew that M. de Maurepas inftigated him to act thus; I therefore went to this Minifter, and told him, that though the honour of being an Academician was not a very important dignity, yet, after having been appointed, it was a difagreeable thing to be excluded. You are upon ill terms with the Dutchefs de

Chateau-

Chateauroux, with whom his Majeſty is in love, and likewiſe with the Duke de Richelieu, by whom ſhe is governed; but pray, my Lord, what connexion is there between theſe diſputes of your's, and a poor ſeat in the French Academy? I conjure you to tell me ſincerely, in caſe Madame de Chateauroux can vanquiſh the Biſhop de Mirepoix in this conteſt, will you remain neuter?—He ſeemed to collect himſelf for a moment, and then replied, "No; I ſhall cruſh "you."

The Prieſt at length conquered the Miſtreſs, and I loſt my ſeat in the Academy, which did not give me much vex-

ation;

ation; but I love to recollect this adventure; it depicts ſo truly the little arts of thoſe whom we call *the Great*, and ſhews how really trifles are often conſidered by them as very important matters.

Public affairs, however, went on no better, ſince the death of the Cardinal, than they had done during the two laſt years of his life. The Houſe of Auſtria roſe from its aſhes into new life; France was preſſed hard by her and by England; and we had no reſource left but in the King of Pruſſia, who had led us into this war, and who abandoned us in our neceſſity. They conceived the deſign of

ſending

sending secretly to sound the intentions of this Monarch, and try if he was not in a humour to prevent the storm, which, soon or late, must gather at Vienna, and fall upon him, after having visited us; to see therefore if he would not lend us a hundred thousand men on this occasion, and thus fix himself more firmly in the Silesian conquest.

The Duke de Richelieu, and the Dutchess de Chateauroux first imagined this scheme, the King adopted it, and M. Amelot, Minister for Foreign Affairs, but in a very subaltern situation, was singly charged to hasten my departure. A pretext was wanted, and I

ſeized that of my diſpute with the old Biſhop of Mirepoix, which met with his Majeſty's approbation. I writ to the King of Pruſſia, that I could no longer endure the perſecutions of this Theatine Monk; and that I muſt take refuge with a King, who was a philoſopher, to eſcape the ſnare of a Biſhop, who was a bigot. This Prelate always ſigned himſelf *l'anc*, inſtead of *l'ancien*, [the ancient] Biſhop of Mirepoix; and his writing being very bad, we uſed continually to read and call him the aſs of Mirepoix. It was a ſubject of pleaſantry, and never was negociation more gay.

The King of Pruſſia, who ſtruck not with a palſied hand, when the blow was intended for the cheek of a Monk, or a Prelate become courtier, replied with a deluge of ſarcaſms upon the aſs of Mirepoix, and preſſed me to come.

I took great care, that both my letters and theſe anſwers ſhould be read. It ſoon came to the Biſhop's ears, and he went to complain to his Majeſty, that he was laughed at for a fool in a foreign court.

The King's anſwer was, it was a matter agreed on, and he muſt let it paſs without notice.

This

This anſwer has very little of the character of Louis XV. in it; and, as coming from him, always appeared to me extraordinary. Thus I had, at once, the pleaſure of revenging myſelf upon a Biſhop, who had excluded me from the Academy, of taking a very agreeable journey, and of having an opportunity to exert myſelf in the ſervice of the King and State. Even the Count de Maurepas entered into this project with warmth, becauſe at that time he governed M. Amelot, and conſidered himſelf, in fact, as the Miniſter for foreign affairs.

The moſt ſingular part of this buſineſs was, that we were obliged to let Madame

du Châtelet into the ſecret. There was not, in her opinion, any thing in the world ſo unmanly, ſo abominable, as for a man to leave a woman to go and live with a King; and ſhe would have made a moſt dreadful tumult, had they not agreed, that to appeaſe her, ſhe ſhould be informed of the reaſon, and that the letters ſhould all paſs through her hands.

Whatever money I wanted for my journey, was given, upon my mere receipt, by M. de Monmartel, which power I took care not to abuſe. I ſtayed ſome time in Holland, while the King of Pruſſia was galloping, from one end of his territories to the other, to be preſent at

reviews,

reviews, and my ſtay at the Hague was not uſeleſs. I had apartments in the Palace *de la Vieille Cour*, which belonged at that time to the King of Pruſſia, in participation with the Houſe of Orange. His Envoy, the young Count de Padvitz, loved, and was beloved by the lady of one of the principal perſons among their High Mightineſſes; and he obtained, from her, copies of all their ſecret reſolutions, which, at that time, were very prejudicial to the intereſts of France. Theſe copies I ſent to our Court, and my ſervice was found very acceptable.

When I came to Berlin, his Majeſty would lodge me in the Palace, as he had

done on my former viſits. He led, at Potzdam, the life he had always led ſince his advancement to the Throne: the manner of it deſerves a deſcription.

He roſe at five in ſummer, and ſix in winter. If you wiſh to know the royal ceremonies, what they were on great, and what on common occaſions, the functions of his high Almoner, his great Chamberlain, the firſt Gentleman of his Bed-chamber, and his Gentlemen Uſhers, I anſwer, a ſingle lacquey came to light his fire, dreſs, and ſhave him, though he partly dreſſed himſelf alone. His chamber was rather beautiful; a rich baluſtrade of ſilver, ornamented with little

loves,

loves, of exceedingly good ſculpture, ſeemed to form the alcove of the ſtate-bed, the curtains of which were ſeen; but behind theſe curtains, inſtead of a bed there was a library; and as to the royal bed, it was compoſed of a ſtump bedſtead without ſacking, but croſs corded, and a ſlight mattreſs, the whole concealed by a ſcreen. Marcus Aurelius and Julian, the two greateſt men among the Romans, and Apoſtles of the Stoics, lay not on a harder couch.

As ſoon as his Majeſty was dreſſed and booted, Stoiciſm, for a few moments, gave place to Epicuriſm. Two or three of his favourites entered: theſe were

either Lieutenants, Enſigns, Pages, Heiduques, or young Cadets. Coffee was brought in, and he to whom the handkerchief was thrown, remained ten minutes tête-à-tête with his Majeſty. Things were not carried to the laſt extremity, becauſe, while Prince, in his father's life-time, he had been very ill treated for, and effectually cured of love, in his amours *de paſſade* *. He could not play principal, and was obliged to content himſelf with the ſecond.

Theſe ſchool-boy ſports being over, the ſtate affairs next were conſidered, and his firſt Miniſter came with a large bundle of papers under his arm. This

* Of once and away.

firſt

first Minister was a Clerk, who lodged up two-pair-of-stairs in the house of Fridersdorff, and was the soldier, now valet de chambre and favourite, who had formerly served the King at Custrin. The Secretaries of State sent all the dispatches to the King's Clerk, who brought extracts to his Majesty, and the King writ his answer in the margin in two words. The whole affairs of the Kingdom were thus expedited in an hour, and seldom did the Secretaries of State, or the Ministers in office, come into his presence; nay, there were some to whom even he had never spoken. The King, his father, had put the finances under such exact regulations, all was executed in such a military

manner, and obedience was ſo blind, that four hundred leagues were governed with as much eaſe as a manor.

About eleven o'clock, the King, booted, reviewed in his garden his regiment of guards; and at the ſame hour all the Colonels did the like throughout the provinces, in the interval of parade and dinner-time. The Princes his brothers, the General Officers, and one or two of his Chamberlains, eat at his table, which was as well furniſhed as could be expected in a country where they had neither game, tolerable butcher's meat, nor poultry, and where they got all their wheat from Magdebourg.

When

When dinner was over he retired to his cabinet, and writ verſes till five or ſix o'clock; a young man of the name of Darget, formerly Secretary to M. de Valory, the French Envoy, then came and read to him. At ſeven he had a little concert, at which he played the flute, and as well as the beſt performers. His own compoſitions were often among the pieces played, for there was no art he did not cultivate; and had he lived among the Greeks, he would not, like Epaminondas, have had the mortification to confeſs he did not underſtand muſic.

They ſupped in a little hall, the moſt ſingular ornament of which was a picture, the

the design of which he himſelf gave to Pene, his painter, and one of our beſt colouriſts. The ſubject was totally Priapian. Turtles billing, young men in the embraces of young women, nymphs beneath ſatyrs, cupids at laſcivious ſports, people fainting with deſire at beholding them, and rams and goats at ſimilar paſtimes. The ſupper was frequently ſeaſoned with the ſame kind of philoſophy; and any perſon who had heard the diſcourſe, and looked at this picture, would have ſuppoſed they had caught the Seven Sages of Greece in a brothel.

Never was there a place in the world where liberty of ſpeech was ſo fully indulged,

dulged, or where the various ſuperſtitions of men, were treated with ſo great a degree of pleaſantry and contempt. God was reſpected, but thoſe who in his name had impoſed upon credulity, were not ſpared. Neither women nor prieſts ever entered the palace; and, in a word, Frederic lived without religion, without a council, and without a court.

Some of the provincial Judges were about to burn a poor devil of a Peaſant, accuſed of an intrigue of a ſhocking nature. No perſon, however, is executed in the Pruſſian dominions, till Frederic has confirmed the ſentence; a moſt humane law, practiſed likewiſe in England, and

and other countries. The King wrote at the bottom of the ſentence, that free liberty of opinion, and of * * * * * * * were allowed throughout his Territories.

A Miniſter, near Stettin, thought this indulgence exceedingly ſcandalous, and let fall ſome expreſſions, in a ſermon upon Herod, which glanced at the King; he was therefore ſummoned to appear before the Conſiſtory at Potzdam, though, in fact, there was no more a Conſiſtory at Court than there was a Maſs. The poor man came. The King put on a band and ſurplice. M. d'Argens, Author of the Jewiſh Letters, and one Baron de Poinitz, who had changed his religion three

or

or four times, dreſſed themſelves up in the ſame manner. A folio volume of Bayle's Dictionary was placed upon the table by way of a Bible, and the culprit was introduced by two grenadiers, and ſet before theſe three Miniſters of the Goſpel.

My brother, ſaid the King, I demand, in the name of the Moſt High God, who the Herod was, concerning whom you preached? He who ſlew the children, replied the ſimple Prieſt. But was this Herod the firſt? ſaid the King; for you ought to know there have been ſeveral Herods. The Prieſt was ſilent; he could not anſwer this queſtion. How! continued

tinued the King, have you dared to preach about Herod, and are ignorant both of him and his family? You are unworthy of the holy miniſtry. We ſhall pardon you for this time, but know we ſhall excommunicate you if ever you dare hereafter preach againſt any one whom you do not know.

They then delivered his ſentence and pardon to him, ſigned by three ridiculous names invented on purpoſe. We ſhall go to-morrow to Berlin, added the King, and we will demand forgiveneſs for you of our brotherhood. Do not fail to come and find us out. Accordingly the Prieſt went, and enquired for theſe three

labourers

labourers in the gofpel vineyard all over Berlin, where he was laughed at; but the King, who had more humour than liberality, forgot to reimburfe him for the expences of his journey.

Frederic governed the church with as much defpotifm as the ftate. He pronounced the divorces himfelf when hufband and wife wanted to pair themfelves differently. A Minifter one day cited the Old Teftament on the fubject of divorces, and the King told him, Mofes managed the Jews juft as he pleafed; as for me, I muft govern my Pruffians to the beft of my abilities.

This ſingularity of government, theſe manners ſtill more ſingular, this contraſt of Stoiciſm and Epicurianiſm, of ſeverity in military diſcipline, and effeminacy in the interior of the palace, of Pages with whom he amuſed himſelf in his cloſet, and of Soldiers who ran the gauntlet ſix and thirty times, while the monarch beheld them through his window, under which the puniſhment was inflicted, of reaſoning on ethics, and of unbridled licentiouſneſs, formed, altogether, a heterogeneous picture, which, till then, few had known, and which has ſince ſpread through Europe.

The

The greateſt œconomy of every kind was obſerved at Potzdam; the King's table, and that of his officers and domeſtics, were regulated at thirty-three crowns (about four guineas) a day, excluſive of wine. Inſtead of the Officers of the Crown taking charge of this expence, as at other courts, it was his valet de chambre Fridefdorff, who was at once his High Steward, Great Cup-bearer, and Firſt Pantler.

Whether it was from policy or œconomy, I know not, but he never granted the leaſt kindneſs to any of his former favourites, eſpecially to thoſe who had riſked their lives for him when he was

Prince Royal. He did not even pay the money he borrowed at that time. Like as Louis XII. would not revenge the affronts of the Duke d'Orleans, neither would the King of Pruſſia remember the debts of the Prince Royal.

His poor miſtreſs, who had ſuffered whipping for his ſake by the hands of the common hangman, was married at Berlin to the Clerk of the Hackney-Coach-office, for they had eighteen hackney coaches at Berlin; and her royal lover allowed her a penſion of ſeventy crowns (eight pounds fifteen ſhillings) a year. She called herſelf Mademoiſelle Saumers, and was a tall,

meagre

meagre figure, very like one of the Sybils, without the leaſt appearance of meriting to be publicly whipped for a Prince.

When, however, he was at Berlin, he made a great diſplay of magnificence on public days. It was a ſuperb ſpectacle for the vain, that is to ſay, for almoſt all mankind, to ſee him at table, ſurrounded with twenty Princes of the Empire, ſerved in veſſels of gold, the richeſt in Europe, by two and thirty Pages, and as many young Heiduques, all ſplendidly cloathed, and bearing diſhes of maſſy gold. The State Officers

were alſo employed on theſe occaſions, though unknown at any other time.

After dinner they went to the Opera at the large Theatre, three hundred feet long, which had been built without an Architect by one of his Chamberlains, whoſe name was Knoberſtoff. The fineſt voices and beſt dancers were engaged in his ſervice. Barberini at that time danced at his Theatre, the ſame who has ſince been married to the ſon of his Chancellor. The King had her carried off by his ſoldiers from Venice, and brought even through Vienna as far as Berlin. He was a little in love with her, becauſe

ſhe had legs like a man; but the thing moſt of all incomprehenſible, was, that he gave her a ſalary of thirty-two thouſand livres (above thirteen hundred pounds.) His Italian Poet, who was obliged to put the operas into verſe, of which the King himſelf gave the plan, had little more than a thirtieth part of this ſum; but it ought to be remembered, he was very ugly, and could not dance. In a word, Barberini touched for her ſhare more than any three of his Miniſters of State together.

As for the Italian Poet, he one day took care to pay himſelf with his own hands, for he ſtript off the gold from the

ornaments in an old chapel of the firſt King of Pruſſia's; on which occaſion Frederic remarked, that as he never went to the chapel he had loſt nothing. Beſides, he had lately written a diſſertation in favour of thieves, which is printed in the collections of his academy; and he did not think proper this time to contradict his writings by his actions.

This indulgence was not extended to any military being. There was an old gentleman of Franche Comté, confined in the priſon of Spandau, who was ſix feet high, and whom the late King for that reaſon had inveigled into Pruſſia. They promiſed him the place of Chamberlain,

berlain, and gave him that of foot ſoldier. This poor man ſoon after deſerted with one of his comrades, but was taken and brought before the late King. He had the ſimplicity to tell him, he repented of nothing but that he had not ſtabbed ſuch a tyrant; and for this anſwer he had his noſe and ears cut off, ran the gauntlet ſix and thirty times, and was afterwards ſent to wheel the barrow at Spandau. He continued this employment to the very time that M. de Valory, our Envoy, preſſed me to beg remiſſion for him of the moſt *clement* ſon of the moſt iron-hearted Frederic-William.

His Majesty had been pleased to say, it was to oblige me that he had got up an Opera, full of poetical beauties, and written by the celebrated Metestasio, called *La Clemenza di Tito*. The King, with the assistance of his composer, had set it to music himself. I took this opportunity to recommend the poor old Frenchman, without nose and ears, to his bounty, which I did in the following admonitory verses.

What! can it be when mighty Frederic reigns
That wretches groan? Oh! Genius universal,
Soul firm, yet feeling, deign to end the culprit's
Torments; cease not your generous cares for
Misery;

Lo!

Lo! at your feet, where Pity, daughter of
Repentance, miſtreſs of great minds, kneels
trembling;
Aſtoniſh'd to find her tears ſhed in vain,
On the hand that has driven Sorrow from the
Earth.
Wherefore diſplay with ſuch magnificence
The triumphs of great Titus? Imitate
Him every way, or vaunt of him no more.

The requeſt was ſomething daring, but one may ſay what one will poetically. His Majeſty promiſed remiſſion, and ſome months after even had the bounty to ſend the poor gentleman in queſtion to the Hoſpital, at three pence a day, which favour he had refuſed to the

the Queen, his mother; but ſhe, in all probability, had aſked only in proſe.

In the midſt of all theſe feaſts, operas, and ſuppers, my ſecret negociation went forward; the King was willing I ſhould ſpeak on every thing, and I frequently took occaſion to intermix queſtions concerning France and Auſtria with the Eneid and Roman Hiſtory. The converſation was ſometimes animated; the King became warm, and would tell me, that while our Court was knocking at every door to procure peace, he ſhould not think it adviſeable to go to war in our defence. I ſent my reflexions upon paper,

paper, left half blank, from my apartment to his; and he anſwered my daring remarks in the margin. I have this paper ſtill, in which I have ſaid,

Can it be doubted that the Houſe of Auſtria will ſeize the very firſt opportunity to redemand Sileſia? To which he anſwered in the margin

Ils ſeront reçûs, biribi,
A la façon de Barbari,
Mon ami.

Then they received, my friend, ſhall be
After the mode of Barbary.

This new kind of negociation finiſhed by a diſcourſe, in which, in one of his moments

moments of vivacity, he made me againſt the King of England, his dear Uncle. Theſe two Kings did not love one another. My Pruſſian Monarch told me, "George was the Uncle of Frederic, but not of the King of Pruſſia;" and he ended by ſaying, "Let France declare war againſt England, and I will march."

This was all I wanted. I returned inſtantly to France, and gave an account of my journey; with ſuch hopes to the French Miniſtry as had been given me at Berlin. Neither were they falſe, for the ſpring following the King of Pruſſia concluded a new treaty with France, and advanced into Bohemia with a hundred thouſand

thousand men, while the Austrians were in Alsatia.

Had I related my adventure to any good Parisian, with the service I had done the state, he would not have made the least doubt of my having been promised an excellent place. I will tell you what was my recompense. The Dutchess de Chateauroux was vexed the negociation had not been brought about entirely by her means; she had likewise an inclination to have M. Amelot turned out because he stuttered, which trifling defect she found offensive, and she farther hated him because he was governed by M. de Maurepas; he was accordingly dis-

diffmiffed eight days after, and I was included in his difgrace.

It happened fome time after this, that Louis XV. fell extremely ill at the City of Metz. This was the time for M. de Maurepas and his cabal to ruin the Dutchefs de Chateauroux. The Bifhop of Soiffons, Fitz-James, fon of the baftard of James II. who was thought a faint, would, in quality of Grand Almoner, convert the King; and declared he would neither grant him abfolution, nor fuffer him to communicate, if he did not drive his Miftrefs, with her Sifter the Dutchefs of Lauragais, and their friends from court; and the two Sifters in confe-

quence

quence departed, with the execrations of the people of Metz.

This action of Louis XV. was the occasion that the Parisians, equally ſtupid with the good folks of Metz, gave him the ſurname of BIEN-AIMÉ, *Well-beloved.* A fellow named Vadé firſt invented this title, which all the Almanacs echoed. As ſoon as the Prince recovered, he deſired only to be the well-beloved of his Miſtreſs, for whom he found his affection increaſe; and ſhe was again going to undertake her Miniſtry, when ſhe died ſuddenly, in conſequence of the paſſions into which ſhe had been

thrown.

thrown by her diſmiſſion. She was preſently forgot.

A Miſtreſs was now wanted, and the choice fell upon the Demoiſelle Poiſſon. She was the daughter of a kept woman and a countryman, who lived at La Ferté-ſous-Jouare, and who had amaſſed ſome money by ſelling wheat to the Cornfactors. This poor man at that time had abſconded, having been condemned for malverſation, and they had married his daughter to the under Farmer-general le Normand, Lord of Etiole, and Nephew of the Farmer-general le Normand, of Tourneham, who kept her mother. The daughter had been well educated, was prudent, amiable,

miable, very graceful, had great talents, a fine underſtanding, and a good heart.

I was tolerably intimate with her, and was even the confidant of her amours. She confeſſed to me, ſhe had always had a ſecret fore-thought that the King would fall in love with her, and that ſhe had always ardently wiſhed he might, without making her wiſhes too apparent. This idea, which ſeems ſo chimerical for a perſon in her ſtation, originated from her having been often taken to the royal hunt in the foreſt of Senar. Tourneham, her mother's lover, had a country-houſe near there, and uſed to take her out to air in a neat Calaſh. His Ma-

jeſty had obſerved her, and had often ſent her veniſon. Her mother never ceaſed telling her ſhe was handſomer than Madame de Chateauroux, and the good man Tourneham confirmed it in raptures. It muſt be owned, the daughter of Madame Poiſſon was a morſel for Majeſty. After ſhe was certain of her Royal Lover, ſhe told me ſhe was firmly perſuaded of the doctrine of predeſtination, and ſhe had ſome cauſe ſo to be. I paſſed ſeveral months with her at Etiole, while the King made the campaign of 1746.

I hence obtained rewards which had never been granted to my works or my ſervices.

ſervices. I was deemed worthy to be one of the forty *uſeleſs* Members of the Academy, was appointed Hiſtoriographer of France, and created by the King one of the Gentlemen in Ordinary of his Chamber. From this I concluded it was better, in order to make the moſt trifling fortune, to ſpeak four words to a King's miſtreſs, than to write a hundred volumes.

As ſoon as I had the appearance of a fortunate man, the whole brotherhood of the Beaux-Eſprits of Paris was let looſe upon me, with all the inveterate animoſity which might be expected from them, againſt a perſon who obtained

thoſe benefactions which they imagined only due to their own merits.

My connexion with Madame du Châtelet was never interrupted; our friendſhip, and our love of literature, were unalterable; we lived together both in town and out of town. Cirey is ſituated upon the borders of Lorraine, and King Staniſlaus at that time kept his little agreeable court at Luneville. Old and fanatic as he was, he yet had a friendſhip with a lady who was neither. His affections were divided between Madame la Marquiſe de Boufflers, and a Jeſuit, whoſe name was Menou; a Prieſt, the

moſt

moſt daring, the moſt intriguing I have ever known.

This man had drawn from King Staniſlaus, by means of his Queen, whom he had governed, about a million of livres, near forty-two thouſand pounds, part of which were employed in building a magnificent houſe for himſelf and ſome Jeſuits of Nancy. This houſe was endowed with twenty-four thouſand livres, or a thouſand pounds a year; half of which ſupplied his table, and the other half was to give away to whom he pleaſed. The King's miſtreſs * was not by

* Omit the word Miſtreſs, it is falſe, and inſert Friend. The Marchioneſs de Boufflers was a moſt

by any means ſo well treated; ſhe ſcarcely could get from his Poliſh Majeſty wherewith to buy her petticoats; and yet the Jeſuit envied what ſhe had, and was violently jealous of her power. They were at open war *, and the poor King had

a moſt diſintereſted friend, and ſeldom uſed her intereſt but in the ſervice of her friends; and the expreſſion, *wherewith to buy her petticoats*, is not at all applicable.

* Madame de Boufflers never wa. at variance with Father Menou, who, all-intriguing as he was, never thought of giving Staniſlaus Madame du Châtelet for a miſtreſs. That lady, and M. de Voltaire, never were at Luneville, except when invited by Me. de B***, whom they often

had enough to do every day when he came from maſs to reconcile his miſtreſs and his confeſſor. Our Jeſuit at laſt having heard of Madame du Châtelet, who was exceedingly well ſhaped, and ſtill tolerably handſome, conceived the project of ſubſtituting her to Madame de Boufflers.

Staniſlaus amuſed himſelf ſometimes in writing little works, which were bad

ten viſited, and found very amiable; they never went as to the King of Poland. If Menou really propoſed the journey to Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet, it was when he was informed they were coming, and to make a merit of it with the King.

The two laſt notes are by M. de St. Lambert, author of a Poem on the Seaſons.

enough, and Menou imagined an authoreſs would ſucceed with him as a miſtreſs better than any other. With this fine trick in his head he came to Cirey, cajoled Madame du Châtelet, and told us how delighted King Staniſlaus would be in our company. He then returned to the King, and informed him how ardently we deſired to come and pay our court to his Majeſty. Staniſlaus aſked Madame de Bouffleurs to bring us; and we went to paſs the whole year, 1749, at Luneville. But the projects of the holy Jeſuit did not ſucceed, the very reverſe took place; we were devoted to Madame de Boufflers, and he

had

had two women to combat inſtead of one.

The life led at the court of Lorraine was tolerably agreeable; though there, as in other courts, there were plenty of intrigues and artifice.

Towards the end of the year, Poncet, Biſhop of Troyes, who was overwhelmed with debts, and whoſe reputation was loſt, wiſhed to come and augment our intrigues and artifice.

When I ſay he had loſt his reputation, I mean alſo the reputation of his ſermons and funeral orations. He obtained,

tained, through the intereſt of our two ladies, the place of Grand-Almoner to the King, who was flattered by having a Biſhop in his pay, and at very ſmall wages too. This Prelate did not come till 1750: he began his career by intriguing againſt Madame de Boufflers, his benefactreſs, and was diſmiſſed. His anger alighted on Lewis XV. the ſon-in-law of Staniſlaus: being returned to Troyes, he would needs play a part in the ridiculous farce of the confeſſional billets, invented by Beaumont, Archbiſhop of Paris: he made head againſt the parliament, and braved the King. This was not the way to pay his debts, but to get himſelf impriſoned. Louis ſent

ſent him into Alſatia, and had him ſhut up in a convent of fat German Friars.

But I muſt return to what concerns myſelf. Madame du Châtelet died in the palace of Staniſlaus, after two days illneſs; and we were ſo affected, that not one of us ever remembered to ſend for Prieſt, Jeſuit, or any of the Seven Sacraments. It was we, and not Madame du Châtelet, who felt the horrors of death. The good King Staniſlaus came to my chamber, and mixed his tears with mine: few of his brethren would have done ſo much on a like occaſion. He wiſhed me to ſtay at Luneville,

ville, but I could no longer ſupport the place, and returned to Paris.

It was my deſtiny to run from King to King, although I loved liberty even to idolatry. The King of Pruſſia, whom I had frequently given to underſtand I would never quit Madame du Châtelet for him, would abſolutely entrap me, now he was rid of his rival. He enjoyed at that time a peace, which he had purchaſed with victory; and his leiſure hours were always devoted to making verſes, or writing the hiſtory of his country and campaigns. He was well convinced, that in reality his verſe and proſe too, were ſuperior to my verſe and

and proſe, as to their eſſence ; though as to the form, he thought there was a certain ſomething, a turn, that I, in quality of Academician, might give to his writings ; and there was no kind of flattery, no ſeduction, he did not employ to engage me to come.

Who might reſiſt a Monarch, a Hero, a Poet, a Muſician, a Philoſopher, who pretended too to love me, and whom I thought I alſo loved. I ſat out once more for Potzdam, in the month of June, 1750. Aſtolphus did not meet a kinder reception in the palace of Alcina. To be lodged in the ſame apartments that Marſhal Saxe had occupied ; to have the royal

royal cooks at my command, when I chose to dine alone; and the royal coachmen, when I had an inclination to ride, were trifling favours.

Our suppers were very agreeable. I know not if I am deceived, but I think we had a deal of wit. The King was witty, and gave occasion to wit in others; and what is still more extraordinary, I never found myself so much at my ease. I worked two hours a day, with his Majesty, corrected his works, and never failed highly to praise whatever was worthy of praise, although I rejected the dross. I gave him details of all that was necessary in rhetoric and criticism,

for his ufe; he profited by my advice, and his genius affifted him more effectually than my leffons.

I had no court to make, no vifits to pay, no duty to fulfil; I led the life of liberty, and had no conception of any thing more happy than my then fituation. My Frederic-Alcina, who faw my brain was already a little difordered, redoubled the potions that I might be totally inebriated. The laft feduction was a letter he wrote, and fent from his apartments to mine. A Miftrefs could not have written more tenderly; he laboured in his epiftle to diffipate the fear which his rank and character had infpired:

ed: It contained theſe remarkable words:

" How is it poſſible I ſhould bring
" unhappineſs on the man I eſteem, who
" has ſacrificed his country, and all that
" humanity holds dear, to me? I reſpect
" you as my Maſter, and love you as
" my friend. What ſlavery, what miſ-
" fortune, what change can be feared,
" in a place where you are eſteemed as
" much as in your own country, and
" with a friend who has a grateful heart?
" I reſpected the friendſhip that endear-
" ed you to Madame du Châtelet, but
" after her I am one of your oldeſt
" friends. I give you my promiſe you
" ſhall

" ſhall be happy here as long as I
" live."

Here is a letter, ſuch as few of *their Majeſties* write: It was the finiſhing glaſs to compleat my drunkenneſs. His wordy proteſtations were ſtill ſtronger than his written ones. He was accuſtomed to very ſingular demonſtrations of tenderneſs to younger favourites than I, and forgetting for a moment I was not of their age, and had not a fine hand, he ſeized it and imprinted a kiſs; I took his, returned his ſalute, and ſigned myſelf his ſlave.

It was neceſſary I ſhould get permiſſion from the King of France to belong to two Maſters: The King of Pruſſia took charge of every thing, and wrote to aſk me of Louis. I never imagined they were ſhocked at Verſailles, that a Gentleman in Ordinary of the Chamber, one of the moſt uſeleſs Beings of a Court, ſhould become a uſeleſs Chamberlain at Berlin. They granted me full permiſſion, but were highly piqued, and did not pardon me. I greatly diſpleaſed the King of France without pleaſing the King of Pruſſia, who laughed at me in the bottom of his heart.

Behold me then with a ſilver key gilt with gold hanging at my button-hole, a croſs round my neck, and twenty thouſand livres, or eight hundred guineas à year. Maupertuis fell ſick, and yet I did not perceive the occaſion.

At that time there was a Phyſician at Berlin, one La Metrie, who was the moſt frank and declared Atheiſt of all the medical people of Europe. He was a gay, pleaſant, thoughtleſs fellow, who knew the theory of phyſic as well as the beſt of his brethren, but without contradiction the worſt practitioner upon earth, for which reaſon he had left the profeſſion. He ridiculed the whole faculty

of Paris, and had even written many perſonalities againſt individuals, which they could not pardon; and they obtained a decree againſt him, by which a reward was offered for his apprehenſion.

La Metrie had, in conſequence, fled to Berlin, where he amuſed himſelf ſufficiently by his gaiety, and likewiſe by writing and printing all that can be imagined moſt impudent upon manners; his books pleaſed the King, who made him, not his Phyſician, but, his Reader.

One day after the lecture, La Metrie, who ſpoke whatever came uppermoſt, told his Majeſty there were perſons

exceed-

exceedingly jealous of my ſavour and fortune.—*Be quiet awhile*, ſaid Frederic, *we ſqueeze the orange, and throw it away when we have ſwallowed the juice.*—La Metrie did not forget to repeat to me this fine apophthegm, worthy Dionyſius of Syracuſe. From that time I determined to take all poſſible care of the orange-peel. I had about twelve thouſand guineas to place out at intereſt, but was determined it ſhould not be in the territories of my Alcina. I found an advantageous opportunity of lending them upon the eſtates which the Duke of Wurtemberg poſſeſſed in France.

The King, who opened all my letters, did not doubt of my intention to quit his court. The furor of rhiming, however, still possessing him, as it did Dionysius, I was obliged continually to pore, and again revise his History of Brandenbourg, and all the rest of his works.

La Metrie died from having eaten a pasty stuffed with trufles, after a very hearty dinner at the table of Lord Tyrconnel, Envoy from France. It was pretended he had been confessed before his death. The King was exceedingly vexed at this, and took care to be exactly informed concerning the truth of

the aſſertion; they aſſured him it was an atrocious calumny, for La Metrie had died as he lived, abjuring God and Phyſicians. His Majeſty was convinced, and immediately compoſed his funeral oration, which was read, in his name, at a public ſitting of the Academy, by Darget his Secretary. He ſettled five-and-twenty pounds a year likewiſe upon a girl of the town, whom La Metrie had brought from Paris, where he had left his wife and children.

Maupertuis, who knew the anecdote of the orange-peel, took an opportunity to ſpread a report, that I had ſaid, the place of King's Atheiſt was vacant.

This calumny did not ſucceed; but he afterwards added I had alſo ſaid, the King's poetry was bad; and this anſwered his purpoſe.

From this time forward, I found the King's ſuppers were no longer ſo merry; I had fewer verſes to correct, and my diſgrace was complete.

Algaroti, Darget, and a Frenchman, whoſe name was Chaſol, one of the King's beſt Officers, left him all at once. I was preparing to do the ſame, but I wiſhed, before I went, to enjoy the pleaſure of laughing at a book Maupertuis had juſt printed. It was the beſt of opportunities,

portunities, for never had any thing appeared ſo ridiculous or abſurd. The good man ſeriouſly propoſed to travel directly to the two Poles; to diſſect the heads of giants, and diſcover the nature of the ſoul by the texture of the brain; to build a city, and make the inhabitants all ſpeak Latin; to ſink a pit to the center of the earth; to cure the ſick, by plaiſtering them over with gum-reſin; and, finally, to propheſy, by enthuſiaſtically inflating the fancy.

The King laughed, I laughed, every body laughed at his book; but there was a ſcene acting at that time of a far more ſerious nature, concerning I know not what

what mathematical nonſenſe that Maupertuis wanted to eſtabliſh as diſcoveries. A more learned Mathematician, Koënig, Librarian to the Princeſs of Orange at the Hague, ſhewed him his miſtake, and that Leibnitz, who had before time examined that old idea, had demonſtrated its falſity in ſeveral of his letters, copies of which he ſent Maupertuis.

Maupertuis, Preſident of the Academy at Berlin, enraged that an aſſociate and a ſtranger ſhould prove his blunders, took care firſt to perſuade the King, that Koënig, being ſettled in Holland, was of courſe his enemy; and next, that he had ſaid many diſreſpectful things of his Majeſty's

jesty's verse and prose to the Princess of Orange.

This precaution taken, he suborned some few poor pensioners of the Academy, his dependents, had Koënig condemned as a forger, and his name erased from the number of Academicians. Here however he was anticipated, for Koënig had sent back his Patent-Academician-Dignity to Berlin.

All the men of letters in Europe were as full of indignation at the manœuvres of Maupertuis as they were weary of his book, and he obtained the contempt and hatred even of those who did not under-
stand

ſtand the diſpute. They were obliged to content themſelves at Berlin with a mere ſhrug of the ſhoulders; for the King having taken a part in this unfortunate affair, no perſon durſt ſpeak. I was the only one who ſpoke out. Koënig was my friend; and I had at once the ſatisfaction to defend the liberty of the learned, the cauſe of a friend, and of mortifying an enemy, who was as much the enemy of moderation as of me.

I had no intention to ſtay at Berlin; I had always preferred liberty to every thing; few men of letters have a proper ſenſe of it; moſt of them are poor; poverty enervates, and even philoſo-

phers, at court, become as truly ſlaves as the firſt Officer of the Crown. I felt how diſpleaſing my free ſpirit muſt be to a King more abſolute than the Grand Turk. He was a pleaſant Monarch, in the receſſes of his palace, we muſt confeſs: he protected Maupertuis, and laughed at him more than any one. He writ againſt him, and ſent his manuſcript to my chamber by one Marvitz, a Miniſter of his ſecret pleaſures; he turned to ridicule the Pit to the center of the earth, the method of cure with Plaiſter of gum-reſin, the voyage to the South Pole, the Latin city, and the cowardice of the Academy, in having ſuffered the tyranny exerciſed upon poor Koënig. But his

motto

motto was, *No clamour when I don't cry*; and he had every thing burnt that had been written upon the controverſy, except his own work.

I ſent him back his order, his Chamberlain's key, and his penſion; he then did every thing in his power to make me ſtay, and I every thing in my power to depart. He again gave me his croſs and his key, and would have me to ſup with him; I therefore once more ſupped like Democles, after which I parted with a promiſe to return, but with a firm deſign never to ſee him more.

Thus

Thus there were four of us who had escaped in a short time, Chasol, Darget, Algaroti, and I; in fact, there was no such thing as staying. It is well known how much must be borne from Kings, but Frederic was too free in the abuse of his prerogative. All society has its laws, except the society of the Lion and the Lamb. Frederic continually failed in the first of these laws; which is, to say nothing disobliging of any of the company. He often used to ask his Chamberlain Polnitz, if he would not willingly change his religion a fourth time, and offer to pay a hundred crowns down for his conversion. "Good God, my dear Pol-

"nitz, he would ſay, I have forgot the "name of that perſon at the Hague, "whom you cheated by ſelling him baſe "for pure ſilver; let me beg of you to "aſſiſt my memory a little." He treated poor d'Argens in much the ſame way; and yet theſe two victims remained. Polnitz having waſted his fortune, was obliged to ſwallow ſerpents for bread, and had no other food; and d'Argens had no property in the world, but his Jewiſh Letters, and his wife, called Cochois, a bad provincial actreſs, and ſo ugly ſhe could get no employment at any trade, though ſhe practiſed ſeveral. As for Maupertuis, who had been ſilly enough

to

to place out his money at Berlin, and not thinking a hundred piſtoles better in a free country than a thouſand in a deſpotic one, he had no choice but to wear the fetters which himſelf had forged.

MEMOIRS

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PART THE THIRD.

LEAVING my palace of Alcina, I went to paſs a month with the Dutcheſs of Saxe-Gotha,* the beſt of Princeſſes, full of gentleneſs, diſcretion, and equanimity, and who, God be thanked, did not make verſes. After that I ſpent a few days at the country-houſe of the

the Landgrave of Heſſe, who was ſtill a remove farther from poetry than the Princeſs of Gotha. Thus I took breath, and thence continued, by ſhort journies, my route to Franckfort, where a very odd kind of deſtiny was in reſerve for me.

I fell ill at Franckfort, and one of my neices, the widow of a Captain who had belonged to the regiment of Champagne, a moſt amiable woman, with excellent talents, and who, moreover, was eſteemed at Paris as belonging to the Order of Good Company, had the courage to quit that city, and come to me on the Maine, where ſhe found me a priſoner of war.

This fine adventure happened thus: One Freïtag, who had been baniſhed Dreſden, after having been put in chains and condemned to the wheel-barrow, became afterwards an agent to the King of Pruſſia, who was glad to be ſerved by ſuch-like Miniſters, becauſe they aſked no wages but what they could ſteal from travellers.

This Ambaſſador, and one Schmitt, a tradeſman, formerly condemned and puniſhed for coining, ſignified to me, on the part of his Majeſty the King of Pruſſia, that I muſt not depart from Franckfort, till I had given back the precious effects I had carried off from his Majeſty.

Majeſty. "My very good Meſſieurs, "(ſaid I,) I have brought nothing out "of that country, I can aſſure you, not "even the leaſt regret; what, then, are "theſe famous jewels of the crown of "Brandenbourg, that you thus re-de- "mand?"—"*Dat it be, Montſeer,* (an- "ſwered Freïtag) *ouf dey vurks ouf po- "eſy ouf de King mine maſter.*"—"Oh! "(anſwered I,) with all my heart; he "ſhall have his works in verſe and "proſe, though I have more titles to "them than one, for he made me a "preſent of a fine copy, printed at his "own expence; but, unfortunately for "me, this printed copy is at Leipſic, "with my other effects."

Freitag then propofed that I fhould ftay at Franckfort till this treafure arrived from Leipfic, and figned the following curious quittance:

Montfeer, fo foon as fhawl dey great pack come ouf Leipfic, mit de vurks ouf poefy be given mit me, you fhawl go ouf vere you do pleafe. Given at Franckfort de vurft of June, 1753.—*Freïtag, Refident ouf de King mine mafter.*

At the bottom of which I figned,—*Good, vor dey vurks ouf poefy ouf de King your mafter:*—With which the Refident was well fatisfied.

On

On the twelfth of June the great *pack* of poeſy came, and I faithfully remitted the ſacred depoſit, imagining I might then depart, without offence to any crowned head; but at the very inſtant when we were ſetting off, I, my Secretary, my ſervants, and even my niece, were arreſted. Four ſoldiers dragged us through the midſt of the dirt, before M. Schmitt, who had I know not what right of Privy-Counſellor to the King of Pruſſia. This Franckfort trader thought himſelf at that moment a Pruſſian General; he commanded twelve of the town guards, with all the importance and grandeur an affair of ſuch conſequence required. My niece had a paſſport from

the King of France; and, moreover, never had corrected the King of Prussia's verses. Women are usually respected amidst the horrors of war, but the Counsellor Schmitt, and the Resident Freïtag, endeavoured to pay their court to Frederic, by hauling one of the fair sex through the mud. They shut us up in a kind of inn, at the door of which the twelve soldiers were posted. Four others were placed in my chamber, four in the garret, where they had conducted my niece, and four in a still more wretched garret, where my Secretary was laid upon straw. My niece, 'tis true, was allowed a small bed, but four soldiers, with fixed bayo-

nets,

nets, ferved her inftead of curtains and chamber-maids.

In vain we urged we had been invited to the court the Emperor had elected at Franckfort; that my Secretary was a Florentine, and a fubject of his Imperial Majefty; that I and my niece were fubjects of the Moft Chriftian King; and that there was no difference between us and the Margrave of Brandenbourg. They informed us, that the Margrave had more power at Franckfort than the Emperor.

Twelve days were we held prifoners of war, for which we paid a hundred and forty

forty crowns, or seventeen pounds ten shillings a day. The Merchant Schmitt had seized on all my effects, which were given back one half lighter: One need not wish to pay dearer for the *poesy* of the King of Prussia. I lost about as much as it had cost him to send for me and take lessons, and we were quits at parting.

To compleat the adventure, one Venduren, a Bookseller at the Hague, knave by profession, and bankrupt by habit, was then retired to Franckfort. This was the man to whom I had made a present thirteen years before of Frederic's manuscript of the Anti-Machiavel. One finds

finds friends where one leaſt expects them. He pretended that his Majeſty owed him ſome twenty ducats, for which I was reſponſible: he reckoned the intereſt, and the intereſt of the intereſt. The Sieur Friliard, a Burgo-maſter of Franckfort, in the then year of his reign, ſaid, he, as a Burgo-maſter, found the account exceedingly right; he likewiſe found the means to make me diſburſe thirty ducats, ſix and twenty of which he took to himſelf, and gave the remaining four to the honeſt Bookſeller.

Theſe Oſtrogothian and Vandalian affairs being all thus ſatisfactorily ended, I em-

I embraced my hoſts, thanked them for their kind reception, and departed.

Some time after I went to drink the waters of Plombieres, and with them drank heartily of the waters of Lethe, from a thorough perſuaſion, that misfortunes of all kinds are good for nothing but to be forgotten. My niece, Madame Denis, who was the conſolation of my life, attached to me by her taſte for letters, and the tendereſt friendſhip, accompanied me from Plombieres to Lyons. Here I was received by the acclamations of the whole city, and tolerably ill too by the Cardinal de Tencin, Archbiſhop of

of Lyons, ſo well known by the manner in which he had made his fortune; that is, in making the famous Law, or Laſs, Author of the ſyſtem that ruined France, a Catholic. His Council of Embrun finiſhed the fortune his converſion of Law had begun. This ſyſtem made him rich enough to purchaſe a Cardinal's hat. He was a Miniſter of State, and told me in confidence, he durſt not give me a public dinner becauſe the King of France was vexed that I had quitted him for the King of Pruſſia. To this I anſwered I never dined, and as to Kings or Cardinals, I was the man who perhaps of any in the world was ſooneſt determined how to act.

I had been advifed to drink the waters of Aix, in Savoy, and though this place was under the dominion of a King, I proceeded to take the journey. I neceffarily paffed through Geneva, where the famous Phyfician Tronchin was juft eftablifhed, and who declared the waters of Aix would kill, but that he would cure me, and I followed his advice. No Catholic is permitted to fettle at Geneva, nor yet in the Swifs Proteftant Cantons; and it was to me a fubject of pleafantry, to acquire domains in the only country upon earth where it was forbidden I fhould have any.

I bought, by a very fingular kind of contract, of which there was no example

in that country, a ſmall eſtate of about ſixty acres, which they ſold me for about twice as much as it would have coſt me at Paris; but pleaſure is never too dear. The houſe was pretty and commodious, and the proſpect charming; it aſtoniſhes without tiring: on one ſide is the Lake of Geneva, and the city on the other. The Rhone runs from the former in vaſt guſhes, forming a canal at the bottom of my garden, whence is ſeen the Arve deſcending from the Savoy Mountains, and precipitating itſelf into the Rhone, and farther ſtill another river. A hundred country-ſeats, a hundred delightful gardens, ornament the borders of the lakes

and

and rivers. The Alps at a vaſt diſtance riſe and terminate the horizon, and among their prodigious precipices, twenty leagues extent of mountain are beheld covered with eternal ſnows.

I had another good houſe, with a more extenſive view, at Lauſanne; but a ſeat near Geneva is much more agreeable. In theſe two habitations I enjoyed what Kings do not give, or rather what they take away, Liberty and Eaſe. I likewiſe had what they ſometimes do give, and what I had not of them. Here then I put my own precepts in practice.

How happy did I live in this iron age! Every convenience of life and good

good cheer were found in my two houſes. An affable and intelligent ſociety, filled up the moments which ſtudy and the care of my health left vacant. My proſperity was ſufficient to make my dear fellow-labourers in literature burſt with envy. I was not however born rich, and it may be aſked by what art I could acquire wealth enough to live like a Farmer-general: to which I anſwer, and I would have others make me their example, I had ſeen ſo many men of letters poor and deſpiſed, that I had long determined not to augment the number.

In France, every man muſt be either the hammer or the anvil, and I was

born the latter. A ſmall patrimony daily becomes leſs, becauſe the price of every thing gradually increaſes, and becauſe government often has both rent and crop.

It is neceſſary to be attentive to every alteration which Miniſtry, ever in want and ever inconſtant, makes in the finances. There always are occaſional opportunities by which an individual may profit without obligation to any one, and nothing is ſo agreeable as to be oneſelf the founder of one's fortune. The firſt efforts are a little painful, the following are pleaſant; and he who is an œconomiſt in his youth, will be ſurpriſed in old age

at

at his own wealth, which is the time when fortune is moſt neceſſary. It was then I enjoyed fortune: it was then that, after having lived with Kings, I became a King myſelf.

And now, while living in this peaceable opulence, and the moſt rigid independence, the King of Pruſſia thought proper to be appeaſed: in 1755 he ſent me an Opera he had made from my Tragedy of Merope, which was, without diſpute, the worſt thing he ever wrote. From that time he continued to write to me: I always had held a correſpondence with his ſiſter, the Margraveſs of Bareith,

whofe good-will towards me was unalterable.

Thus while I, in my retreat, enjoyed the moft pleafant life imaginable, I had the philofophic fatisfaction of feeing, that the Kings of Europe tafted not of my tranquillity; and of thence inferring, that the fituation of an individual is often preferable to that of the greateft Kings, as will prefently be feen.

In 1756, England made a piratical war upon France for fome acres of fnow; at the fame time that the Emprefs Queen of Hungary appeared very defirous to recover her dear Silefia, of which fhe had

had been pillaged by his Majeſty of Pruſſia. For this purpoſe ſhe negociated with the Empreſs of Ruſſia and the King of Poland, that is, in quality of Elector of Saxony, for nobody negociates with the Poles. On the other hand, the King of France wiſhed to revenge himſelf upon Hanover for the miſchief which the Elector of Hanover, the King of England, did him at ſea. Frederic, who at that time was in alliance with France, and who held our government in the moſt profound contempt, preferred an alliance with England; he therefore united himſelf with the Houſe of Hanover, imagining he could keep the Ruſſians out of Pruſſia with one hand, and

the French out of Germany with the other. He was miſtaken in both theſe imaginings; but there was a third in which he was not miſtaken; this was, to invade Saxony under pretext of friendſhip, and make war upon the Empreſs Queen of Hungary with the money he ſhould rob the Saxons of. The Marquis of Brandenbourg, by this remarkable manœuvre, ſingly changed the whole ſyſtem of Europe. The King of France, deſirous of retaining him in his alliance, ſent the Duke de Nivernois, a man of wit, and who made very pretty verſes, into Pruſſia. The embaſſage of a Duke, a Peer, and a Poet, ſeemed likely to flatter the vanity and taſte of Frederic; but

he

he laughed at the King of France, and ſigned his treaty with England, the very day the Ambaſſador arrived. He played off the Duke and the Peer very happily, and made an epigram upon the Poet.

It happened at that time to be the privilege of poetry to govern kingdoms. There was another Poet at Paris alſo, a man of rank, very poor, but very amiable; in a word, the Abbé de Bernis, ſince Cardinal. He began by writing verſes againſt me; he afterwards was my friend, though that was of little ſervice to him; but he likewiſe became the friend of Madame de Pompadour, and ſhe ſerved him effectually. He had

been ſent from Parnaſſus on an embaſſy to Venice; and he was then returned to Paris, and in great credit.

The King of Pruſſia had glided a verſe in his poor book of poeſy, which that Freitag had re-demanded ſo earneſtly at Franckfort, againſt the Abbé de Bernis.

"*Avoid the ſteril abundance of Bernis.*"

I do not believe either the book or the verſe ever reached the Abbé; but as God is juſt, God made him an inſtrument to avenge France of Frederic. The Abbé concluded an offenſive and defenſive treaty with M. de Staremberg,

5 the

the Auſtrian Ambaſſador, in deſpight of Rouillé, then Miniſter for Foreign Affairs. Madame de Pompadour preſided at that negociation; and Rouillé was obliged to ſign the treaty, in conjunction with the Abbé de Bernis, which was a precedent without example. Rouillé, it muſt be owned, was the moſt uſeleſs Secretary of State the King ever had; and moreover, the moſt ignorant the Long Robe ever knew. He aſked one day if Weteravia was in Italy. While there was nothing difficult to tranſact, he was ſuffered; but as ſoon as great objects came on the tapis, his inſufficiency was felt, and the Abbé de Bernis ſupplied his place.

Mademoi-

Mademoiselle Poiſſon, the wife of Le Normand, and Marchioneſs de Pompadour, was in reality firſt Miniſter of State. Certain outrageous terms let ſlip againſt her by Frederic, who neither ſpared women nor poets, had wounded the Marchioneſs to the heart, and contributed not a little to that revolution in affairs, which, in a moment, re-united the French and Auſtrians, after more than two hundred years of a hatred ſuppoſed to be immortal. The court of France, that pretended to cruſh Auſtria in 1741, ſupported her in 1756; and in concluſion, France, Sweden, Ruſſia, Hungary, the half of Germany, and the Fiſcal of the Empire, all declared againſt the ſingle

ſingle Marquis of Brandenbourg. This Prince, whoſe grandfather could ſcarcely maintain twenty thouſand men, had an army of a hundred thouſand foot, and forty thouſand horſe, well provided, well ſelected, and better diſciplined; but there were four hundred thouſand men in arms to oppoſe theſe. It happened in that war, that each party ſeized upon what was next at hand. Frederic took Saxony; France took the territories of Frederic, from the town of Guelders to Minden upon the Weſer, and for a while poſſeſſed all the Electorate of Hanover and Heſſe, the allies of Frederic; while the Empreſs of Ruſſia took the whole of Pruſſia. The King of Pruſſia, beaten

beaten at firſt by the Ruſſians, beat the Auſtrians, and was afterwards beaten by them in Bohemia the eighteenth of June, 1757.

The loſs of one battle ought apparently to have cruſhed this Monarch; preſſed on all ſides by the Ruſſians, French and Auſtrians, he himſelf gave all for loſt. Marſhal de Richelieu had juſt concluded a treaty near Stade, with the Hanoverians and Heſſians, which greatly reſembled that of the *Caudian Forks.* Their army was no longer allowed to ſerve, and the Marſhal was ready to enter Saxony with ſixty thouſand men: the Prince de Soubiſe prepared to pene-

trate

trate it on another ſide with thirty thouſand, and was to be ſeconded by the arms of the circles of the empire, whence they were to march to Berlin. The Auſtrians had gained a ſecond victory, and were already in poſſeſſion of Breſlau; and one of their Generals had even puſhed to Berlin, and laid it under contribution. The treaſury of the King of Pruſſia was nearly exhauſted, and in all appearance he would not long have a ſingle village left. They were going to put him under the ban of the empire; his proceſs was begun; he was declared a rebel, and had he been taken, in all probability would have been condemned to loſe his head.

In this extremity he took a fancy to kill himſelf. He wrote to his ſiſter, the Margraveſs of Bareith, that he was going to terminate his life; but he could not conclude the play without rhyming. His paſſion for poetry was ſtill ſtronger than his hatred of life; he therefore wrote the Marquis d'Argens a long epiſtle in verſe, wherein he informed him of his reſolution, and bade him adieu.

However ſingular this epiſtle may be, from the ſubject, the perſon by whom it was written, and the perſon to whom it was addreſſed, it cannot be tranſcribed entirely, becauſe of the many repetitions; but there are paſſages, which

which I will inſert, tolerably well turned for a Northern King.

Yes, D'Argens, yes; the die, my friend, is caſt;
Sick of the preſent, weary of the paſt,
To bear Misfortune's yoke no longer prone,
Henceforth or pains or pleaſures I diſown;
Nor thus in mis'ry shall I deign to live,
The lengthen'd day which Nature meant to give;
With heart well fo[illegible] with eye[illegible],
Undaunted [illegible] term[illegible].
When Night eternal ſhall my fo[illegible] confound,
And Fate no more ſhall have the power to wound.
Grandeurs adieu!—adieu Chimeras all!
No more your flaſhes dazzle or appall;
Though on my morn of life you falſely ſmil'd,
And, prone to vain deſires, my ſoul beguil'd,
Long ſince have vaniſh'd all deſires ſo vain,
And Truth and ſtern Philoſophy remain.

How

How frivolous you were by Zeno taught,
Your errors are no longer worth a thought.
Adieu, ye gentle Pleafures and Delights,
Seductive nymphs, whofe flowery yoke unites,
The fweets of fmiling Gaiety and Eafe,
And all the idle arts by which you pleafe.
But oh! fhall I, Misfortune's bondman, fpeak
Of Pleafures and Delights, where Sorrows fhriek!
Can plaintive nightingale, or turtle-dove,
When vultures tear them, fing or coo of love?
Long has the ftar of day but lighted me
To new-born ills, increafe of mifery;
His poppies Morpheus has difdain'd to fhed,
Near the dank turf where I have lain my head;
Each morn I cry, and ftill the tear o'erflows,
Behold another day, and other woes.
When night appears, night cannot give relief,
Each moment adds eternity to grief.
Heroes of Liberty, whom I revere,
Brutus and Cato, ye of foul fincere,

Your

Your deaths, illuftrious, diffipate my gloom,
Your funeral flambeaux light me to my tomb;
Your antique virtue Fear and Death controuls,
And points a road unknown to vulgar fouls.
Vanifh, ye pompous Phantoms of romance,
Ingend'ring fuperftitious ignorance;
Religious aid I feek not when I'd know
Or what we are, or whence we come or go;
Epicurus has taught how I'm annoy'd,
My body by injurious time deftroy'd;
And for the quick'ning fire, the fpark, the breath,
Mortal like me, it perifhes in death:
Part of a being organiz'd 'tis born,
Grows with the Child, and doth the Man adorn;
Suffers when I'm in pain, pleas'd when I'm pleas'd
Is old when I am, ill when I'm difeas'd;
And when eternal night fhall life inveft,
Will fink, like me, to everlafting reft.
A vanquifh'd fugitive, by friends betray'd,
I fuffer torments more than e'er were laid

(As moſt fictitious lying fables tell)
On poor Prometheus in the depths of Hell;
Therefore, as wretches who in dungeons deep,
Weary of thus exiſting but to weep,
Deceive their butchers, ſnap their ſtrongeſt chains,
And end at once their being and their pains;
So, with one noble effort, will I rend
The web of life, and all my mis'ries end.
This dreary picture will inform thee why
I thus, my friend, have been induc'd to die;
Nor hence conclude I vainly ſeek to claim,
From the dark ſenſeleſs grave, the bubble Fame:
But yet remember me when fruitful earth
Gives odoriferous ſhrubs and myrtles birth;
Each ſpring, when flowers adorn the youthful year,
Drop o'er my tomb a roſe-bud and a tear.

He ſent me this epiſtle written with his own hand. Several lines are pillaged from

the Abbé de Chaulieu and me. The ideas are often incoherent, and the verses in general unmusical; but there are some good; and it was a great thing for a King to write two hundred bad verses in the state he then was. He was desirous it should be said he preserved all his presence of mind and liberty of thinking, at a moment when they are usually lost to others.

The letter he wrote me testified the same sentiments, but there were less of *eternal Night, Myrtles and Roses, Flambeaux, Chimeras, and shrieking Sorrows.* I combated in prose the resolution he had taken to die, and had not much trouble

in perſuading him to live. I adviſed him to imitate the Duke of Cumberland, and ſet a negociation on foot with Marſhal de Richelieu; in ſhort, I took all the liberties one could take with a deſpairing Poet, and who was not likely much longer to be a King. He wrote to Marſhal de Richelieu, but not receiving any anſwer he determined to beat us, and ſent me word he was going to attack Marſhal de Soubiſe. His letter finiſhed with verſes, worthy of his ſituation, his dignity, his courage, and his wit.

When ſhipwreck ſtares us in the face,
Daring let us death embrace,
And live and die a King.

As

As he marched towards the French and Imperialiſts, he wrote to the Margraveſs his ſiſter, that he ſhould kill himſelf, but he was happier than he ſaid or hoped. He waited on the fifth of November, 1757, for the French and Imperial army, in a tolerably advantageous poſt, at Roſbach, on the frontiers of Saxony; and as he had been continually talking of killing himſelf, he was willing his brother, Prince Henry, ſhould perform this promiſe for him, at the head of five Pruſſian battalions, which were to ſuſtain the firſt ſhock of the enemy, while his artillery thundered upon them, and his cavalry attacked their's.

Prince Henry was, in fact, ſlightly wounded in the neck by a muſket-ball, and I believe was the only Pruſſian hurt on that day. The French and Auſtrians fled at the firſt diſcharge, and the rout was the moſt unheard of and complete that hiſtory can afford. The battle of Roſbach ſhall long be celebrated. Thirty thouſand French, and twenty thouſand Imperialiſts, were ſeen flying, ſhamefully and precipitately, before five battalions and ſome ſquadrons. The defeats of Agincourt, Creſſy, and Poictiers, were not more humiliating. The diſcipline and military evolutions, which the father had begun, and the ſon made perfect, were the true cauſe of this ſtrange victory.

tory. The Pruſſian exerciſe had been fifty years in bringing to perfection. They wiſhed to imitate them in France as well as in other countries; but they could not effect that with the French, naturally averſe to diſcipline, in four years, which the Pruſſians had been fifty about. They had even changed their manœuvres in France at each review, ſo that the officers and ſoldiers, not half perfect in each new one, and the evolutions being all different from one another, had in reality learnt nothing, but were actually without any kind of diſcipline. All was in diſorder at the very ſight of the Pruſſians; and Fortune, in one quarter of an hour, ſnatched Frederic from the

 depth

depth of defpair to feat him on the heights of happinefs and glory.

He was, however, very fearful, that this good fortune was merely temporary; he dreaded to fupport the whole weight of the French, Ruffian, and Auftrian powers, and was defirous of detaching Louis XV. from Maria-Terefa.

The fatal affair at Rofbach, occafioned all France to murmur at the treaty of the Abbé de Bernis with the court of Vienna. The Cardinal de Tencin, Archbifhop of Lyons, had always maintained his rank of Minifter of State, and a private correfpondence with the King of

France,

France, and he was, more than any one, averſe to the Auſtrian alliance. He had given me a reception at Lyons, which he had a right to believe was not very ſatiſfactory; the itch of intriguing, however, which followed him in his retreat, and which, it is ſaid, never leaves men in place, made him deſirous of leaguing with me to engage the Margraveſs of Bareith to treat with him, and put the intereſts of her brother in his hands. He would reconcile the King of Pruſſia to the King of France, and hoped to procure a peace. It was not difficult to perſuade Madame de Bareith, and the King her brother, to this negociation; and I undertook it with the greater alacrity,

crity, becaufe I forefaw it could not fucceed. The Margravefs wrote to Frederic, and the letters between her and the Cardinal paffed through my hands. I had the fecret fatisfaction of being the intermediator in that grand affair; and perhaps a ftill farther pleafure, that of forefeeing the Cardinal was preparing for himfelf a fubject of great difappointment. He wrote to the King of France, and inclofed the letter of the Margravefs; but how utter was his aftonifhment at receiving a laconic anfwer from the King, by which he learnt, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs would inform him what was his Majefty's pleafure. The Abbé de Bernis dictated the anfwer which the Cardinal

was obliged to ſend to Frederic; which anſwer was an entire refuſal to negociate. He was forced to ſign a copy of this letter, by which every thing was ended, and died of chagrin in about a fortnight afterwards.

I never could thoroughly underſtand this kind of death, or how Miniſters of State, and old Cardinals with hardened ſouls, ſhould have a ſufficient degree of ſenſibility to die through ſome trifling diſguſt. My deſign was only to laugh at him; to mortify, and not to kill.

There was a kind of greatneſs in the Miniſtry refuſing thus to treat of peace with

with the King of Pruſſia, after having been beaten by him, and humbled; there was alſo great fidelity and good-nature in ſacrificing themſelves for the Houſe of Auſtria; but theſe virtues were long ill recompenſed by Fortune. The Hanoverians, Heſſians, and Brunſwickians, were leſs obſervant of public faith, but more ſucceſsful. They had ſtipulated with the Marſhal de Richelieu not to bear arms againſt us, but to repaſs the Elbe, beyond which they had been ſent; they, however, broke their bargain of the *Caudian Forks*, as ſoon as they knew we had been beaten at Roſbach. Deſertion, the want of diſcipline, and diſeaſe, deſtroyed our armies; and the

reſult

refult of all our operations, in the fpring of 1758, was, that we had loft twelve millions and a half fterling, and fifty thoufand men in Germany, in fupport of Maria-Terefa, as we had done in 1741 with fighting againft her.

The King of Pruffia, who had beaten our army at Rofbach, in Thuringia, went next to fight the Auftrian army at fixty leagues diftance. The French then might ftill have entered Saxony; the victors were gone, there was nothing to oppofe them; but they had thrown away their arms, loft their cannon, ammunition, provifions, and efpecially their underftanding. They were difperfed, and

and their remains were with difficulty collected. A month afterwards, and on the ſame day, Frederic gained a ſtill more ſignal and better fought victory over the Auſtrians near Breſlau. He retook Breſlau with fifteen thouſand priſoners, and the reſt of Sileſia was ſoon ſubdued. Guſtavus Adolphus never performed ſuch acts; we muſt therefore pardon him his poetry, his pleaſantries, his little malice, and even his feminine ſins. The defects of the man vaniſh before the glory of the hero.

I left writing memoirs of myſelf on the ſixth of November, 1759, thinking them

them as ufelefs as Bayle's letters to his mother; the life of St. Evremont, written by Defmaifeaux, or of the Abbé Mongon, written by himfelf. But many things, either new or laughable, have again induced me to the ridicule of fpeaking of myfelf *. I behold from my windows the city where John Chauvin, the Picard, called Calvin, reigned; and the place where he burnt Servet for the good of his foul. Almoft all the Priefts of this country think at prefent like Servet; nay they even go farther. They do not believe that Jefus Chrift

* From this paffage, and others, it is evident, thefe memoirs were addreffed to fome individual, a Lady, by Voltaire.

was

was God; and theſe Meſſieurs, who formerly gave no quarter to purgatory, are now ſo far humaniſed, as to find favour for ſouls in hell. They pretend their torments ſhall not be eternal; that Theſeus ſhall not always ſit upon his ſtony chair, nor Syſiphus continue everlaſtingly to roll his rock. Thus they have turned their hell, in which they no longer believe, into purgatory, in which alſo they do not believe. This is rather a pleaſant revolution in the hiſtory of the human mind, and might furniſh diſputes enough for the cutting of throats, making of bonfires, and acting St. Bartholomew's day once more. And yet they do not even call names, and reproach

proach one another, ſo much are manners changed. I muſt indeed except myſelf, whom one of their Preachers attacked for having dared to aſſert that Calvin, the Picard, was of a cruel nature, and had burnt Servet without cauſe. Only obſerve the contradictions of this world; here are people almoſt avowedly ſectaries of Servet, who, yet, abuſe me becauſe I found Calvin wrong for burning him at a ſlow fire of green faggots.

They *would* prove to me in form, that Calvin was a good chriſtian, and petitioned the Council of Geneva to communicate the papers uſed on the trial of

Servet; but the Council was more prudent; the papers were refused, and they forbidden to write against me in Geneva. I look upon this little triumph, as one of the strongest proofs of the progress of reason in our a

Philosophy enjoyed a still more signal victory over its enemie at Lausanne. Some Gospel Ministe of that country thought proper to compile. I know not what bad book against me, for the honour, as they called it, of christianity; and I, with little difficulty, was empowered to seize and suppress the impression by authority of the Magistrates. This was perhaps the first time Theologians have

have been obliged to be ſilent, and reſpect a Philoſopher. Judge then if I ought not paſſionately to love this country. Yes, thinking beings, I aſſert it is exceedingly agreeable to live in a republic where you may ſay to its chiefs,—Come to-morrow and dine with me.

I did not, however, yet think myſelf perfectly free and as I held this a ſubject worthy attention that I might become ſo, I purchaſed ſome adjoining lands in France. There were two eſtates, about a league from Geneva, which had formerly enjoyed all the privileges of that city; and I had the good fortune to obtain a Brevet from the King, by which

thofe privileges were continued to me. At laft I fo managed my deftiny, that I was independent in Switzerland, in the territories of Geneva, and in France. I have heard much of liberty, but do not believe there is an individual in Europe who had wrought his own freedom like me. Let thofe who will follow my example; or, rather, thofe who can.

I certainly could not have chofen a better time than this, to enjoy repofe far from Paris. They were then as mad and inveterate about their private difputes as in the days of the Fronde, except having actually a civil war. But as they had neither a Monarch of the

market-place, like the Duke de Beaufort, nor a Coadjutor, granting benedictions with a dagger, they proceeded only to wordy wars. They began by forging bank bills for the other world, invented as I have already ſaid by Beaumont, Archbiſhop of Paris, an obſtinate man, who did evil with all his heart, and from an exceſs of zeal. He was a ſerious fool, ſomething in the ſtyle of St. Thomas à Becket. The quarrel grew more violent concerning an office in the hoſpital, the appointment to which the Parliament pretended was in them; and the Archbiſhop holding it to be a ſacred place, ſaid it depended totally on the church. Paris was all divided into par-

ties, and the trifling factions of Janfenifts and Molinifts did not fpare each other. The King thought proper to treat them as they fometimes ferve fools who fight in the ftreet, over whom they throw buckets of water to part them: he very rightly faid they were both wrong; but they remained not the lefs envenomed. He exiled the Archbifhop and the Parliament; but a mafter fhould not turn off his fervants, till he is certain of finding others to fupply their places. The Court was obliged to recall the Parliament, becaufe a Chamber, called royal, compofed of Counfellors of State, and Mafters of Requefts, and erected to determine Law-fuits, had loft its practice.

The

The Parisians had taken a fancy not to plead before any Court of Justice, except that called the Parliament. All the members therefore were recalled, and imagined they had gained a signal victory over the King. They paternally advised him in their remonstrances no more to banish his Parliament, because, said they, *that is giving a very bad example.* They proceeded to such lengths at last, that the King resolved to abolish one of their Chambers, and diminish the others; and, soon after, these Messieurs all had their dismission, except those of the great Chamber. Loud murmurs now went abroad; they publicly declaimed against the King, and the fire which came out of their mouth unhappily

caught the brain of a Lackey, named Damiens, who often frequented the great Hall. It is proved, by the procefs, this fanatic of the long robe never intended to kill the King, but only to inflict a gentle correction. There is nothing fo abfurd which may not enter the head of man. This poor wretch had been ufher to the Jefuit's College, where I have fometimes feen the fcholars give flight ftabs with their penknives, and the ufhers return them. Damiens, therefore, went to Verfailles with this refolution, and there, in the midft of his courtiers and guards, wounded the King with a fmall penknife.

They did not fail during the firft horror of the accident, to impute the blow to the

the arm of the Jesuits, to whom, said they, it belonged according to ancient usage. I have read a letter from one father Griffet, in which he says, *This time it was not us; it is at present the turn of Messieurs.* It was of course the office of the Grand Prevot of the Court to judge the assassin, because the crime had been committed within the precincts of the palace. The culprit began by accusing seven members of the Court *des Enquêtes*, and they wished nothing better than to leave this accusation upon record, and execute the criminal. Thus the King rendered the parliament odious, and obtained an advantage which will endure as long as the monarchy.

MEMOIRS

OF

VOLTAIRE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PART THE FOURTH AND LAST.

IT was thought, that M. d'Argenſon adviſed the King to grant the parliament permiſſion to judge the foregoing affair, and he was well rewarded; for eight days after he loſt his place, and was exiled. The King had the weakneſs to grant large penſions to the Counſellors who

who conducted the trial of Damiens, as if they had rendered him ſome ſignal and difficult ſervice; which conduct inſpired them with new confidence. They again imagined themſelves important perſonages, and their chimeras of repreſenting the nation, and being tutors to Kings, were once more awakened.

This ſcene over, and having nothing elſe to do, they amuſed themſelves with perſecuting the philoſophers. Omer Joli de Fleury, Advocate-General of the parliament of Paris, diſplayed a triumph the moſt compleat, that ignorance, deceit, and hypocriſy ever obtained. Several men of letters, moſt

eſtimable

eſtimable from their learning and deportment, formed an aſſociation to compoſe an immenſe dictionary of whatever could enlighten the human mind, and it became an object of commerce with the bookſellers. The Chancellor, the Miniſtry, all encouraged an enterprize ſo noble; ſeven volumes had already appeared, and were tranſlated into Engliſh, Italian, German, and Dutch. This treaſure, opened by the French to all nations, might be conſidered as what did us at that time the moſt honour; ſo much were the excellent articles in the Encyclopedia ſuperior to the bad, which were alſo tolerably numerous. They had little to complain of in the work, except

too

too many puerile declamations unfortunately adopted by the authors of the collection, who seized whatever came to hand to swell the book; but all which those authors wrote themselves was good.

Omer Joli de Fleury, however, on the twenty-third of February, 1759, accused these poor philosophers of being Atheists, Deists, corrupters of youth, rebels to the King, &c. &c. &c. and to prove his accusation, cited St. Paul, and the trials of Theophilus and Abraham Chaumaix *.

* Abraham Chaumaix, formerly * * *, since Jansenist and Convulsionary, was then the oracle of the parliament of Paris. Omer Joli de Fleury cited him as a Father of the Church; he has since been a school-master at Moscow.

He wanted nothing but to have read the book againſt which he exclaimed; for if he had read it, he was a ſtrange imbecile being. He demanded juſtice of the Court againſt the article *ſoul*, which, according to him, was pure materialiſm.

Pray remark that the article *ſoul*, one of the worſt in the work, was written by a poor Doctor of the Sorbonne, who killed himſelf with declaiming, right or wrong, againſt materialiſm.

The whole diſcourſe of this Omer Joli de Fleury was a ſtring of ſimilar blunders. He informed againſt a book he had either not read, or not underſtood;

ſtood; and the entire parliament, at the requiſition of Omer, condemned the work, not only without examining, but even without reading a ſingle page. This manner of doing juſtice, is very much beneath the cuſtom of Bridoye, for there they may chance to be right.

The editors had procured the King's piivilege, and the parliament certainly had no right to revoke a privilege granted by his Majeſty. It appertains not to them either to judge of an *Arrêt du Conſeil*, or of any thing confirmed in Chancery: they however aſſumed the power to condemn what the Chancellor had approved, and appointed Lawyers

to decide upon the ſubjects of geometry and metaphyſics contained in the Encyclopedia. A Chancellor of the leaſt fortitude would have annulled the Arret of parliament as incompetent: the Chancellor L'Amoignon ſatisfied himſelf with revoking the privilege, that he might not undergo the ſhame of ſeeing what he had ſtamped with the ſeal of ſupreme authority judged and condemned.

One would imagine this adventure had happened in the days of Father Garaſſe, and that theſe were arrets againſt taking emetics; but on the contrary, it was in the moſt enlightened age France had ever ſeen. So true it is,

that

and mocks at the immortality of the ſoul. The devotees are diſpleaſed; the Calviniſt clergy murmur. Theſe pedants looked upon him as a ſupport to the good cauſe. When he threw the Magiſtrates of Leipſic into dungeons, and ſold their beds to get their money, he had the ad-[illegible] of ſuch Prieſts; but when he [illegible] himſelf by tranſlating paſſages from Seneca, Lucretius, and Cicero, they look upon him as a monſter.

Prieſts would canonize Cartouche or Jonathan Wild, were they devotees.

THE END.